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THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"HAS not his handicap, which God hath ordained."

The Creator's hand had placed
The sun in heaven,
Then, by His care, night sweeps forth,
Majestic and serene,
Rode He into exile of the glebe
To ransomin mumitu sons?
Or for the wrath of gold and gems
He never mines explore?

Or knew the realm to answer
Or hail the floods to moan?
Or with keen eye and look cruelty
The people of the ocean?
Or vying with fays and fairies
Illumine shops at night?
Or steer, till the midnight bell
Encrypts the boats in sight?

Nay—when the Architect ordained
His vast delightful plan
To "dress and keep the garden," where
His fairer forms was made,
And put in His stern hand
A sharpened sickle-tool,
To "till the ground from whence he came
Who still did live to indeed.

So, look not with an eye of scorn
Upon the farmer's state,
Yet, with a proud contempt scan of ease,
Who spurns the plough
For holiness of a purer sphere
A different handle holds,
And Gideonites through pride
To Zion's House of Rest.

Earth, whom he clothes with corn and fruits,
Acknowledge his true friend,
And plants his fragrance when he makes
His every harvest home!
And humbled ever as he reaps
A song his teeming heath,
Touching that key-tone in his heart
Which wakes the note of love.

He folds him in her arms at last,
Like mother and her child,
And bids the fairy sod forget
The sweetness of her toil,
Then, consecrated bed to dust entrust,
To wrap in His embrace
Of whom the Shining Ones
[illegible]

NORA DEANE;
OR,
THE GUERRILLAS OF MILLBROOK.

A STORY OF THE PRESENT STRUGGLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB JR.

INTRODUCTION.

The following letter, which I took from the Post-Office before these pages were commenced, needs no explanation:

ST. LOUIS, MO., 18th March, 1863.

S. COBB, JR., Esq.—DEAR SIR:—I bet you thousand dollars it hits not my friends M. and S., and their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Deane, of Deane's Settlement. That have no desire to be made the hero of the incidents about which we concern; but they seem objectionable to the, in any public point, of their names, or places of abode. I told them that you intended the story of their remarkable trials and adventures for the columns of the NEW YORK LEDGER; and that, if so persuaded, you could confine yourself to names and abode, to the facts as I had given them to you. So, now I write you to say that I am willing you should do what you so honorably to your profession as a novelist, and they will have occasion to thank you for the truthful and the quiet tone of the movement in very soothing touching this matter; and I know you will govern your pen according to the resolutions and the request upon you.

Wishing you every success in the undertaking,

I remain yours truly,

F. D. M——.

DEAR READERS:—I shall start with this story giving the incidents as they were given to me, and transmitting one of the strangest domestic plots that ever came to my knowledge. From those already acquainted with the actors of the drama I cannot hope to conceal the identity of my characters; but I will nevertheless keep the promise which I gave to my friend in St. Louis, and lead on strangers to grow ruddy upon our gamble heroine.

CHAPTER I.

MILLBROOK.

Upon a branch of one of the tributaries of the Missouri River was situated the estate of Gilbert Marshall. This name was quite a well-known one, for it had been through one of the most wonderful diversified vicissitudes of the "Garden of the West." Upon its bank was a large mill, which had been erected by Mr. Marshall upon the site of a smaller affair, where, in times past, had been the work-shops, but where now the grain was ground to feed the mouths of many thousand people. From the time of the earliest settlers this stream had been called the Mill Brook; and when Gilbert Marshall erected his spacious dwelling, and opened the rude roads to cultivation, Millbrook was the name given to his estate.

It was toward the close of a dark, cloudy day in mid-summer. Dark without; and dark within! Death came upon the sighing breeze from afar; and death lingered over the mansion at Millbrook! Men were dying upon the field of battle, as men have died since human passions led to human wickedness; and men were dying in their beds, where the dark angel had folded his funeral wings for a season.

Gilbert Marshall was dying. The political and social power of older days could not serve him now; nor could his vast wealth purchase respite of the grim destroyer. A disease which had long made him weak was finally to conquer. He was dying of consumption; though his physicians had asserted him that he might count upon life for some weeks yet if he was careful. But he had not been careful. He had ventured beyond prescribed limits, and a fresh and startling hemorrhage of the lungs was the consequence.

"Jake," said the sufferer, after the bleeding had ceased, addressing the servant who had been attending him, "go and find your young master and send him to me."

On coming into the room Harry H[illegible]

"Bless de Lord for dat!" [illegible]

In a little while the young master came; and when he saw how pale and wan the sick man looked, he hurried to the bedside and sank down upon his knee.

Harry Marshall was the eldest son—the only child of Gilbert Marshall's first wife. He was eight-and-twenty years of age; tall and well-formed; with a frank and intellectual countenance; dark eyes, and waving, glossy brown hair; and possessing, in the highest degree, all those characteristics of mind and body which go to the making up of the true man. He married, as he entered that chamber, showed that he loved his father truly and devotedly; and it was evident enough that the love and devotion were reciprocal.

"Harry," spoke the invalid, "bring a chair and sit by my side. His voice was weak and gave token of physical exhaustion.

The son did as directed, and then Mr. Marshall motioned for his servant to leave the room.

"Harry, where is Christopher?"

"He has gone to Rayville."

"Has his mother gone with him?"

"Yes. They went away shortly after breakfast."

"I trust that the storm will not keep them from returning to-night. If they come not back before to-morrow night I shall never see or again on earth."

"My dear father, I pray to God with unceasing that you may be spared to us for many years yet to come; but my hope does not lead me to the comforting assurance. I know what the physicians have said; and I see that the work. This last attack is most unfortunate."

"His last attack is the last one, my son, and I cannot long survive it. O, I must see my wife and Christopher before I die!"

"We have been thoughtless," cried Harry, starting to his feet. "One of the boys shall mount a fleet horse, and set off at once after them."

This plan pleased the sufferer, and the order [illegible]

After Harry Marshall had seen the messenger depart he returned to his father's bedside.

"Now, my boy," said the planter, "I have something to say unto you. First, tell me, is there any news?"

"Nothing that you have not already heard, father. I received a letter last week from a friend in New Orleans, and he informed me that the city is quiet, and that General Butler rules with a strong hand, and considers himself safe in his position. They are confident that the opening and controlling of the entire Mississippi by the Federal forces is only a question of time."

"We have nothing new from the army of the Potomac, I suppose, since the battle before Richmond?"

The dying man brushed his thin, pale hand across his brow, and measured inaudibly to himself the last words of his son.

"Harry, you are my first born and my well-beloved. Upon your shoulders I leave the labor and the burden of my estate, and the care of [illegible] to your country! As a man you are bound by the moral law. As a citizen you are bound by the laws of the Nation. I have always felt that I was an American citizen; and the old flag which my father bore through fire and [illegible] to the New Orleans coast not be dishonored by him who bears my family name. I have been brought up in the South, and I have inherited the habits and the property of my ancestors; and, what is more, I have inherited a chivalrously and a nationality which I hold dear above all other earthly possessions. As I lay here, with my body failing, my mind seems to grow stronger and clearer. In the station of three States I see nothing but anarchy, disaster and destruction. Over the whole country, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, I see the disastrous [illegible] and I see the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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step-mother gave her assent, he went out to tell them.

Rachel Marshall and her son were left alone with the dead.

Rachel Marshall was a tall, large framed woman; with bonny color, and good lineaments, able to smile when she pleased; but generally wearing an aspect, not all ill favored. There were some lines of silver in her dark hair, and her large eyes were sunken, leaving the cheekbones prominent and the low brow over-arching.

Christopher Marshall did not look like his father, and we cannot say that he looked like his mother. He was twenty-three years of age, of medium height, with broad, square shoulders, and possessing a frame sinewy and compact. His head was small and round; his eyes black and piercing; his features rather heavy; and his skin dark and sweaty. His mother claimed that she had Spanish blood in her veins; and if such was the case, she had certainly given the Cordovan tint to her son.

"I suppose," said Christopher, after his brother had gone, "that Master Harry plans to take charge of the estate from this time?"

Very likely," replied Mrs. Marshall, without looking up.

"And I suppose he thinks we shall bow to him."

"I don't know how that may be."

"But we shall see how it would suit us."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, my son. Let those matters rest for the present, and let us not speak of them here."

The wife had some little feeling of awe in presence of the dead, if her son had not.

By and by the servants came in, and, with many tears and lamentations, prepared the body of their late master for its final resting-place.

On the day of the funeral the people came in to Millbrook from far and near, and the house presented to them a noble terrace. Some liked it, and some did not. Some thought it was a deeply moved, as were most of the servants. The widow bore herself well, though she could not her children most of the time. Christopher tried to act the hypocrite, but he did not succeed so well but that a close observer could easily have discovered that he had not a tear to shed.

A few days subsequent to the funeral the attorney came to examine the papers of the deceased. There were no debts to be paid, and the value of the estate was all square and plain. The bonds and mortgages, and the certificates of stock, which had been left among Mr. Marshall's effects, were found registered for the real holder, and the debts due the estate were carefully set down. But the attorney did not find any will.

"Every drawer and pigeon-hole was searched, but the expected document did not appear, and the attorney knew that he had made a will, and Allen Deane knew that he had seen it executed. But where was it?

"I think," said Mrs. Marshall, "that the will of which you speak made a very fair division of the property."

"As fair as could be," answered the attorney. "And if no will appears, this law will be sure to make a division of the property equally fair?" demanded the widow, with a slight composure.

"Perhaps so, madam," said the attorney; "but, at the same time, it may not be quite so near the designs and wishes of your husband."

"You need give yourself no uneasiness on that score, sir. I think my husband destroyed the will of which you speak. At all events, he told me that he should do so. If you wish to know what inducted him to do so, I shall confess to you that I urged him to do so, and I do not like the tenor of that will. It did not please me. I feared that the carrying out of its provisions would create enmity between the sons. So I asked him to destroy it, and I am persuaded that he did so. I think my husband was a man that generally carried out what he said his word."

That evening the attorney met Harry Marshall and Mr. Deane in a private apartment, where there was no danger of being disturbed. This attorney was a Mr. James Nelson, who had transacted business with Colonel Marshall for many years.

Mr. Nelson opened the subject by stating that he was confident there had been some understanding existed with respect to the will of Colonel Marshall. He had made the will himself, and he knew that the testator meant to have it go as he had signed it.

Allen Deane was also sure that the will had been surreptitiously removed.

At length Harry Marshall spoke:

"You are right, gentlemen. My father never destroyed that will. Only an hour before he died he spoke to me concerning the provisions therein made, and hoped they would prove good and acceptable."

"Then, of course your step-mother has destroyed it."

"Perhaps so."

"We must take steps to find out," suggested Nelson.

"So," replied Harry, shaking his head. "Let it go as it is. It will be the best manner of bringing that woman into shame and trouble; and I pride not to have any fight with my own brother. If the will is not found, let the law take its course. A bad to do before a property, after the widow's portion is deducted, is all set forth for me. No, no, gentlemen, my course must be an question for the courts in this. My father's wife must not be made an object for the danger of scorn. If my control father knows me not or cares, I have no right to care for the part I would act."

"Harry is right," said the old clergyman. "The matter had better not be pushed into the courts."

Mr. Nelson appreciated the sentiments of his young friend, and he frankly consented to have the matter in his hands.

"I don't make control of the estate for the present," said Harry, "and when Christopher demands it, it shall be made."

And thus the matter was left.

Mr. Nelson left for Boston, where he resided, and Harry walked out with Mr. Deane upon the terrace mound. It was not yet nine o'clock, and the moon was shining brightly.

"Most you go so soon?" said Harry.

"Yes. I must be writing to do before I retire. I came out to my boys to smoke."

"I shall be home soon after you are gone."

"Then why not ride down to the parsonage with me? Come, the mare is close, and the ride will do you good; and perhaps Nora will be able to cheer you up."

It needed no second request to induce Harry Marshall to accept of such a pleasant invitation. He ordered his horse at once, and then went and told his step-mother that he was going out, and that he should not probably be at home until quite late. She smiled her kind without speaking, and he very soon left her to herself.

The distance from the mansion of Millbrook to the Parsonage was three miles; the road lying close by the stream on the south of the way. After the two companions had cleared the park, they rode slowly, conversing upon the one all-absorbing topic of the day.

"I think," said Harry, as their horses came to a walk, "that Christopher more than sympathizes with the rebels. I have reason to fear that he would join them if he had a favorable opportunity. In fact, he would have joined them ere this, had it not been for the matter of this will, and the division of the property. He was offered a place upon Johnson's staff."

"I trust," returned Deane, "that he may accept a position no worse than that."

"Why do you say so, my friend?" asked Harry.

The old man hesitated; and it was not until his companion had spoken a second time that he made reply.

"My dear Harry," he at length said, "you are aware that a band of guerrillas is being organized in his section."

"I have thought so."

"I am sorry to say it is."

"And do you think that Christopher has anything to do with them?"

"Perhaps I ought not to say so; and yet I cannot divest myself of the fear that such may be the case."

"I trust that it may not prove so," said Harry, earnestly. "I would be sick to the level, I shall think heaven that my father lived not to realize the disgrace!"

They rode on a little while in silence, and then the old man went on, though speaking with himself:

"I have fear none. They are strong, comely men, and I look upon them as the staff of my declining years. They are as the sons of my age, and their places are in the depths of my heart's best love. I would not have aught to see them at this moment dead before me—I would rather with my own hands fight a score, and receive their cold forms up from the sight of man for burial, than that one of them should prove a traitor to his country! As God hears me, I would!"

The noble sentiment found an echo in Harry Marshall's heart, and he grasped the hand of his friend.

They had accomplished half the distance they had to travel, and were approaching a place of woods which overhung the road, when Harry's quick ear caught the sound of horses' hoofs; and through which their path lay, when Deane's horse suddenly reared, as though he had seen something had frightened him.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the old clergyman, patting the animal upon the head, "you needn't be afraid. It is only a couple of horsemen coming."

"I don't know about that," said Harry, as his horse also showed signs of fear. "I think I see something more than that, and we both unarmed. I wish we were a pistol with us."

The horsemen had stopped, and Mr. Deane seemed inclined to treat the matter seriously.

"These are difficult times," he remarked, "and we have a right to expect danger. You know what we have been told to-day, and why."

"You have spoken my own thoughts," said the young man. "I wish we were armed."

Deane trembled, and his voice was a slight exclamation of satisfaction escaped him.

"So," he said, "Your wishes have been gratified excellent weapons for us. Let us select them and ride on."

Close by the road was a pile of oak wood, supposed by the servants of the parsonage for the great fire-place of the servants' apartment at Millbrook. The three horsemen knew that they were not long in selecting their weapons. Harry found a stout club about three feet and a half in length, and heavy enough to balance well in his hand. Mr. Deane took one a little shorter, lighter, and somewhat heavier; after which they again mounted their steeds. The horses, as though they understood that their masters were now prepared for danger, sprang forward at the word, while they reached the edge of the wood, where they expected to meet them.

But, to their surprise, there was no question as to the character of the horsemen. The moment they came in sight of them, the old clergyman recognized his horse, and the two men were Harry Marshall and Mr. Deane, and our friends at once recognized their master. There was a steady, sedate old man, with sun-burnt hair and beard, unshorn and unkempt, mounted upon a large horse. He was a boatman in his day; and it was pretty generally believed that he had been a thief and a murderer, too.

"Hold on!" cried the ruffian, advancing a step, with a heavy pistol in his hand. "We've got you covered, and you can't escape."

"What do you want with us?" asked Mr. Deane, calmly.

"We want to put ye out o' the way of doin' mischief. We know you're some of the rebels, as."

"Wait one moment," said the old clergyman, tightening his rein. "What mischief can you charge us with?"

The ruffians seemed to look upon their game as sure, and they rode forward in a body, all three.

"Don't Harney, old prayer-maker," replied Barder, flourishing his pistol. "We know ye, from the top of yer head to the white head hair to the bottom of yer skulkin' feet. You're a cunin' old hypocrite, an' ye was ready to pray against Ax' Master Harry Marshall keeps ye company. Now, ye've got the drop on ye."

"Will you tell us what you mean to do with us?"

"We'll put ye where they put other prisoners just they're, an' that's all. Now, will ye surrender? Yes or No?"

"Don't answer, old clergyman," said Harry, "We have a chance, and we will improve it. Strike!"

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"Don't answer, old clergyman," said Harry, "We have a chance, and we will improve it. Strike!"

"Never!" returned Deane, drawing more closely to her lover's side, "all who remain true and loyal to the government of the country will be marked as victims by the merciless desperadoes."

"But," said Harry, "you must remember that I am a representative of Union troops over all hand. The presence of Union troops over a band. The presence of Union troops over a band. The presence of Union troops over a band

THE SUNBEAM.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Sunbeam, with such tender grace
Beaming on this lowliest place,
Wisest are they who say aright
That thou art the heart of summer there,
For the heart of summer there,
For the heart of summer there,
Beaming for the sunflower's bath—
Sunbeam from the sky of light!
Why sparkle here?

Well I know thou hast'nt to be
On the evenly unswerving lea,
Answering with the fragrant flower,
Answering with the full-blown leaves,
Answering with the green tree-arbor
For the whole wing of the wind,
Aisled from each sacred sphere,
Why sparkle here?

II.

"I have joy in sparkling here:
From this sweet-as dark and dear
Fragrant flower I take my light;
Lily, rose, briar, tea and wing"
Sunbeam, thou'st teacher not
For I have the wisest heart
Of all that be in light;
At the last, and to a man
Of light and purest love.
Sunbeam, sparkle still!

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

A SKETCH OF THE DRAFT.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Mrs. Deering was sitting in her nursery, one morning, when her married cousin Caroline, from the city, "dropped in" to see her.

"How is it, Honor?" Mrs. Deering asked, seeing perplexity on the girl's face.

"There's a man at the door, ma'am, asking about Mr. Deering. I came to tell you, as you said I should."

Mrs. Deering turned pale, then scarlet. But she had a good deal of self-control, and answered quietly:

"Go down and say that you know nothing about the matter—your master's name, or anything else. If he will not go away then, and tell me, and I will see him."

The girl went, and presently returned.

"He's asking for not the lady of the house, ma'am," she said, hesitating.

"Go down the back stairs to the kitchen," her mistress said, and as soon as the girl had obeyed she betook herself to the front hall, where the man was waiting, and received him with speaking ease, with a large book in one hand, and a little portable blackbird and pen in the other.

"You asked for me," said Mrs. Deering, with that air of trusting hauteur that some women know so well how to assume.

"I asked for the mistress of the house. Will you tell me the name of the gentleman I inquire for?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

"I am the enrolling officer of the district, and it is my duty to make certain inquiries——"

"None of which will be necessary," said Mrs. Deering, promptly.

The man looked at her with a sharp, inquiring glance.

"I have received similar answers in one or two instances from ignorant women, but you are the first educated person who has so spoken to me," said he.

"I shall not be the last, I presume. But that the intention did not exist, I consider myself from the house, and made a bad bargain. You have your answer, sir."

"Will you not think better of it? The chances are small, in any case, that your professional will be drafted, and if he should be, your sacrifice would not be heavier than that of thousands of others. Besides, I shall be sure to obtain the information I require elsewhere."

"You have your answer, sir," Mrs. Deering repeated, coldly. And the man took up his book and departed.

"The enrolling officer was at our house this morning," said Mrs. Deering's friend, Mrs. Ackley, as the two ladies sat together that afternoon; "Has he been here yet?"

"Yes; he was here this morning, also. But he went no wiser than he came. If the Government wishes to steal my husband from me, the theft shall not be helped on by me."

"The theft!" Pardon me for repeating your words, but allow me to ask to whom does your husband belong? To whom does your husband belong?"

"My husband to me, of course, and to his family. Am not I his wife? Are not his children?"

If the Government has a right to compel men into the ranks of the army at all, which I doubt, it has right surely only to such as can not extend to any but those born without ties and obligations to those whom they have sworn to love."

"I see what you are wrong, Mrs. Deering. A man cannot screen the privilege of citizenship from its obligations. He belongs to his country as well as to his family. There are times when his obligations to the first are paramount to the last."

"And you are willing your husband should go to the war?" Two pale lips and eyes ought to be placed upon the drafting rolls?"

"I answer the officer's questions, truly, as in no way duty to do. If Mr. Ackley is drafted, I will never make the trial harder for him than it must be. But "willing!" Why, my heart gives a great throb every time I think of it, and there is a lump in my throat I can scarcely swallow. I have thought several times that I would go over to him and begging him not to go to the war, and weakened to that degree I actually rose, and trembling with anguish. But if he should be obliged to go, I will try to be worthy to stand by that I, too, can make sacrifices for my country."

"Well, you will do as you choose, of course, Mrs. Ackley; but for my part, I have no genius for martyrdom. I hope Mr. Deering would be found exempt, but, if not, I shall urge him, in case he is drafted, to pay the commutation money, hard as that will be for us when his salary barely suffices to meet our necessary expenses, from year to year. But he will not, shall not go."

These remarks bewildered the conversation, which Mrs. Ackley was not anxious to carry on in the spirit in which it had begun. Her anxiety was very deep, but she cared not to speak more of it to one who viewed its cause so differently.

In the meantime the enrolling officer had no difficulty in obtaining the required information in regard to Mr. Deering. Half a dozen families in the neighborhood had attended a social gathering which celebrated his last birthday, knew that it was his birthday, and had exchanged calls with in their discussions of the draft, that he came within its class. There had been therefore, been no special pain in Mrs. Deering's refusal to answer the official questions.

It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that Mr. Deering's views were similar to hers. The only feeling he had about the draft was one of defiant anger. In the circle of his own existence he was wont to talk loudly about "tyranny" and "despotism," and most magnificent was the scorn with which he lashed together the words of "free-born American citizen" and "conscript."

If he had been a bachelor the first, rumor of the intended conscription would have sent him to the British dominions, or beyond the sea. But a man who has entwined himself in the bonds of family and domestic ties cannot fly so easily, nor are his movements likely to pass unnoticed. And beside this difficulty, there was another quite as important. He was a bookkeeper on a large salary; just he was a fixture, a man who sped his wealthy neighbors, and liked self-indulgence without regard to its cost. His wife was a helpmeet in this direction. The consequence was that he had lived to the full extent of his income, and had even exceeded it. He had scarcely an obligation who was not his creditor in a greater or lesser sum.

It was equally difficult, therefore, for him to raise money for travelling, or for commutation fee. He understood better than his wife how little likely it was that he could escape, in case he should be drafted.

As the time approached for the draft, few of those who knew themselves liable to be drawn escaped a feeling of anxiety, more or less intense. Mr. Ackley was not easy in his mind, though prepared to yield uncomplaining obedience to a call which he acknowledged was necessary. As a good citizen he could not do less, and though his circumstances were such that he did not think it right or necessary that God and duty in his estimation, lessen his obligations. He said, and felt, that it was but just that all should share the fate of others situated like himself. He had no intention that he would under him exempt, nor could he, without difficulty, pay the commutation fee, the sum being considerably less than that of his neighbor, Mr. Deering, who suggested a family large by one, and protracted illness among his children for several months. A little fund gradually laid aside for emergencies, would be quite sufficient for the former, and he waited patiently for the result which was to bring him so much joy or so much sorrow to his heart.

In the meantime, Mr. Deering's mental condition was a strange one. He was more like that of an animal in its cage, acknowledging its power but rebellious in spirit, than that of a rebellious citizen.

The day fixed for the draft arrived. In the town where the Deerings and Ackleys lived there was no excitement. The names of the people had before been thoroughly tested, and but few had given higher than the usual number and its equivalents. Emphatically good citizens, the large majority expressed in the draft a question as a reasonable requirement of the time, and the drafted men, therefore, went to the war, lent spirit of the few disaffected.

Mr. Deering had been in attendance; but his remarks were looked upon as more bluster and boasting. He was not a popular man, and his unusually progressing manners, he was a man who excited very little sympathy in the minds of others—the usual penalty of mistrustworthiness in a newly-invented relations of life.

On the morning that was to witness the commencement of the draft, Mr. Deering and his wife found their angry excitement somewhat subsided. Each had come to the conclusion that neither was in a mood for the other to deal with, and the comfortable was a stress of discord and killing recrimination, a stress of which would be more than they could bear, even as wife and children, whom a single day might bear of his life, and went out slamming the door after him, and with a look of fierce defiance on his face. Deering's anger fell upon the children. She ordered silence, and compelled it by the use of blows, and as soon as the room was cleared, gave way to a fit of violent weeping, which was the more unbearable, which was saddened into intervals, in the course of which she would start up and walk the floor.

Mr. and Mrs. Ackley were pale and silent, made a pretence only of eating breakfast, spoke tenderly to their children, and parted with rather more than usual demonstration of affection. But each was sustained by the quiet bravery of the other.

Mr. Ackley went at once to his place of business, and engaged in his usual routine of duty. But Mr. Deering had provided a substitute for his place, and proceeded to the office appointed for the draft was to be made, determined, as he said, to see fair play.

About noon, as Mr. Ackley was busy attending upon a customer, a man came into the store, and, after making some inquiry, approached the place where he stood. He looked up from his task and, by a great effort he controlled his emotion as he did so, and the few words he spoke did not observe that he was not as much interested in matching the silk as in the face he sent. He turned perhaps a little paler, but remained to complete his task with a steady hand and just bent down. He answered, simply, "Very well," and the messenger went out wondering, while the lady made some remarks which probably were unheeded by him, who still perfectly meaningless upon Mr. Ackley's ear, as he mechanically folded the silk and put it before her the fabrics that fluttered the counter.

As one clerk he passed on to the next, and his hand trembled a little as he tried to thread his left-hand by into the sleeve. Otherwise he outwardly calm, though too self-absorbed to have any knowledge of the looks of face as she came down the stairs to meet him.

"I fear I have worn you out for you," he said, drawing her into the vacant parlor, and his kind tones were full of sympathy.

"Oh, John, I have excellent news for you!" They looked at each other, and then, in their great nervous excitement, broke into tears. Mr. Ackley's head sank and sided in tears.

"I'm drafted!" Mr. Ackley continued, between his sobbs; and then his wife, unable to speak, threw her head on his shoulder, and he bore her father, and so Mr. Ackley opened it a folded paper that lay in his hand.

"I've been thinking about it, John," the tired old man said, "and I've come to the conclusion that I'm not fit for a soldier. I'm too old, to be sure, and to my son, about the children here, and I'm not strong enough to use all the weapons you have given me. I'm going to a lawyer, so, as I know you can but just bear on for marriage. I hope he'll manage to send us for exemption. See, Mose, if I was as well off as I was when you married Celia, I should say go at once and let Celia and the little ones come home to us. But I'm not, and I'm afraid I'm not fit for a soldier. So I'm going to a lawyer to-day to buy another and me and your home from the draft. Don't look so sad, my boy. Try to help in this way, if I can't."

Mr. Ackley threw down the paper, and I feel as if your duty is to stay with them if they will have you. Your wife and children are entitled to it, even from going to the defense of his country, and the great principle of liberty. I'll write to Celia."

"Thank you, father," Mr. Ackley said, and Mrs. Ackley opened and looked up at her husband, and then, with a sudden cry, fell to the floor.

All this and much more that the kind old man had written, Mr. Ackley read, in a sort of dream. It became a burden of his mind, to the past days of anxiety, to believe that he should be drafted and be obliged to leave his family. He had been no way to avoid the duty, and he had been striving to settle upon some plan for their maintenance, but in vain. Now the way was suddenly made clear to him, just as the unhappy certainty had come upon him, and he saw that the conflicting duties could be reconciled. He picked up the check and read it scrupulously, then he closed his eyes and endeavored to realize all his blessings; but that was vain. But when he looked at his wife, and saw her pale, worn face and disheveled hair, was in the new and altered expression of her face, he began to feel calmer. The paroxysm of fear and doubt was gone, and he clasped her close to his heart, and thanked God that he was not to be made rent from him.

All he dared to do was to say, he said, at last, "but I would go if it were not for you and the children," and he sighed, as one lifeweary of a weight.

This was simply do great emotions and mental conflicts when God expresses.

It was late in the afternoon, but Mr. Deering clothing like a caged tiger, still lingered in the apartment where the draft was going on. There was a horrid fascination in the slow turning of the wheel, in the hurried expression of the drawing of the names and its accompanying silence, which he could not tear himself away. As names after name was read of strangers, he had a feeling, one, that of the thought of their discomfiture, and at that he grew more excited, and slowly settled down, at last, to the belief that he was the victim of a conspiracy, and did so lingered, unable to withdraw.

Suddenly he turned to the wall at the further extremity of the room, a sound pierced his ear like the ringing of doom, and his own name so uncommon as not to be mistaken for that of any other person—"Orville D. Deering."

One instant he stood transfixed. "Deering," he said, then, after repeating it, his features and eyes began to turn forward him.

A low murmur of sympathy arose around the clerk, calling on him to read the name again.

"Deering!"

"Ah! good God—that's me!" he exclaimed, lifting his arms and looking wildly around upon his hand. A frightful outburst of imprecations his pent-up feelings, yet, for the sake of his own blood, his form swayed, and he fell forward heavily upon the floor, in violent convulsions.

They raised him up and carried him home. He was not drafted, under the circumstances, but was laid upon his bed in all the helplessness of exhaustion and in a long struggle with nervous excitement. He was not dangerously ill, however, and now more unreasonable in her anguish than the sick man before her. Illness withdrawal all claim to attention and thinking only of the humiliating and terrible disappointment Deering received. In a little time he was able to be removed, and was seated no escape for him. Friends of his own class came to see him, and they gathered round him, sorrying, by their own bitterness, to compel him to accept the fact of his courage, but in vain. He had no help at all. He was an angry, frightened, selfish invalid, with terrified her life, and prophesied the almost speedy death of her son. He would become a pitiable, or contemptible, or both

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 33.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THEODOSIUS, ARCOBASTES AND HONORIUS.
A.D. 379.

The assassins of Valentinian circulated the report that he had, in despair, committed suicide. The leader in his assassination, Arbogastes, was a hasty barbarian of the Frank nation. He had sagacity enough to know that the throne of the Cæsars would rouse opposition, and he had cunning enough to place Eugenius in the position of hearing, eloquence and great stability of character, in nominal possession of the empire, while he sat behind the throne the real executor of law and dispenser of rewards and punishments.

Eugenius, in the East, had married the sister of Valentinian. Neither the assassins nor the empress were deemed as to the cause of the death of the emperor, and could not consistently avenge his death. But how was it to be avenged? By raising an immense army, slaughtering thousands of innocent men, burning their homes, making their wives widows and their children orphans—men and families as innocent of the crime of Valentinian as the babes in the bosom. Such a war. Two kings quarrel, and they avenge themselves by murdering millions who to slaughter each other, who do not even know what the quarrel is about.

Theodosius speedily gathered a powerful army of Iberians, Gothic, Arabic barbarians, of a mercenary tribes, who gazed upon each other with mutual distrust. These adventurous marched under their own banners and their own leaders. Arbogastes advanced to meet them, on the confines of Italy, at the foot of the Julian Alps. The theatre of war, and the encampment of each large armies, was compressed between the Alps and the Adriatic. A day of broadsword conflict such as has lingered ten thousand years upon these memorable fields would, perhaps, at any other age, the thousand of the army of Theodosius were slain, and the shattered remnant was victor. Theodosius, in the darkness, escaped to one of the fastnesses among the mountains, and there passed the night without food, without sleep, and in the deepest despondency. The energetic assassin was busy through all the hours of the night, despatching detachments of soldiers to seize all the passes in the mountains, that he might cut off the retreat of the foe. As the morning Theodosius saw his danger, and the utter hopelessness of his cause. He was just yielding to the extremities of despair, when messengers came to him with the declaration that a large part of the army of Argobastes were ready to desert and join the foe.

Thus animated, with cheerly Theodosius renewed the battle. To the back of the foe there was a violent easterly gale arose, which blew clouds of dust into the eyes of the foe, blinding them, smothering them and disordering their ranks. The assistance regarded this as a miraculous interposition to save them. They threw down their arms and surrendered. Arbogastes fled, and Theodosius was complete. Eugenius, the timid instrument, threw himself upon the mercy of the conqueror. But the fierce soldiers, as he lay prostrate at the feet of Theodosius, bowed off his head with their swords. Argobastes, a stern and dangerous man, fled to the mountains. For many days he hid among the rocks, living upon acorns and roots. But finding that his escape was desperate and escape hopeless, and conscious that he had no mercy to expect from the conqueror, he buried his own sword, to the hilt, in his own bosom.

After a brief season the East and the West—the whole world—seemed again to repose under one sovereign. Theodosius was an upright and a noble man. He was then but just fifty years of age. He had never tried or felt the cruelty of fatherly was anticipated from his reign. But all these hopes were disappointed. The toils of the campaign proved too severe for one accustomed to the ease of the court. In a few short months after his great victory Theodosius was seized in a dropsy, and his extremely heavy limbs lingered and suffering, sank into the grave. Upon his dying bed he called his two sons, Honorius and Honorius, before him, and invested the first with the command of the East and Barbaries with that of the West. Honorius commenced his reign at Milan, entered the capital with the demonstrations of public rejoicing. During the reign of Theodosius, which was for years 379 and 395, the ancient populations was entirely extirpated. The efforts of the apostasy of Julian were vitally in Rome, until his reign. There were, to the vast but decaying city, four hundred and fifty-four temples from whence altars misbreathe incense continually. There is also a most interesting in the petition of a venerable and pagan that the pagan altar of Victory should not be abolished.

"Pray and respect my age," said he to the emperor, "when we believe from the ancient principles course of piety. Permit me to continue in the practice of my ancient rites. Allow me to enjoy my own religious institutions. Those rites have regulated Hannibal and the Gaul from the capital; to adopt the new religion which I can not adopt."

The Archbishop of Milan had more influence with the Roman emperor than the pagan senator. He decided the reverence for antiquity rather. He decided the reverence for antiquity rather. He decided in the progress of the age, and as stated, hostile to the progress of the age, and the leading to perpetuate those abuses which the advance of civilization would destroy. In view of these arguments, on both sides, the Senate was convened and the question was proposed whether the worship of Jupiter or that of Christ should be the religion of the Romans. There was a division of the Senate, but the large majority degraded Jupiter and enthroned Christ. The worship of idols was proscribed, the idolatrous temples were abandoned to decay. The Pantheon, one of the most magnificent temples ever reared to gods of wood and stone, was converted into a Christian church. But generally, throughout the whole Roman world, wherever there was an idolatrous temple found, it was leveled to the dust.

Arcadius, who was invested with the empire of the East, was eighteen years of age. He was born in Spain, but had received a princely education in Constantinople. Honorius was but eleven years old. The kingdom of this nevertheless boy embraced Africa, Gaul, Spain and Britain. The two empires were nearly equal in territory, wealth and power. Jealousies and hostility soon sprung up between the two brothers. They surrounded their armies and filled the ranks with barbarians, and there were many bleeding party conflicts. Arcadius, being an emperor, thought that he ought in all respects to be a man. His therefore, when four-teen years of age, married his cousin. But he was still a child, and a very immoral child at that. Feeding poultry became his principal employment and pleasure. Ambitious and corrupt courtiers grasped the reins of government, and the boy emperor, peaspered with luxury, was virtually a captive in his palace. For twenty-eight years he nominally reigned. But he was scarcely a name in the empire who had less to do than he in the administration of affairs.

The savage warriors of the north were pressing down upon the sunny plains of Italy. In southern Europe there had been peace for many of the times saying, that "they rolled their ponderous wagons over the bones of the dead and the indignant sires." The world-renowned Romans, by conquering Germany, had left a defiling all opposition before him, through the passes of the Julian Alps. The fierce Goths, intemphant banners was seen from the towers of the imperial palace in Milan. The terrified emperor wished to flee for personal safety to Gaul. One of his generals by a stratagem barbarically isled the barbarians at bay. The whole Roman world was filled with alarm, and was concentrated to resist the invader. All was in vain. Alaric passed sternly on, leaving a terror fled from Milan, hoping to find refuge in the city of Rome. He had but just entered the Po when the swift courier of the Goth overtook him. His entire army was annihilated or taken, and driven out of Italy. To color his triumph Honorius made his entry into Rome, and was honored with a pageant which it had not witnessed for generations. The gladiatorial combats and other barbarical fights was, as this occasion, for the last time seen in Rome. Alaric was easily induced to leave Italy, and the remonstrance was heeded; though the rash barbarian, in the sense of leaving the city, was repeated the combatants was instantly slain and buried in the sand under the seats of the vast galleries.

The timid emperor, alarmed at his narrow escape from Alaric, sought refuge in the almost inaccessible fortress of Ravenna, in the midst of the Po. He was then but 20 years of age. The city of Rome had but just recovered from its forbean, sunny affar away, sometimes victorious sometimes defeated, but generally victorious. Roman empire. Whole provinces were left but Rome was still there. There was a renowned Roman general, Stilicho, who led the armies which opposed the barbarians, and who generally maintained the lingering life of the empire. There was also a senate, and consuls, and other officers whom they revered the streets of the imperial city. The wealthy still lived in splendid palaces, and the games of the Roman were enjoyed. After a long and inglorious reign of twenty-eight years, during which the empire was steadily rapidly to ruin, Honorius died, in the year 423.

MAN AND HORSE.

Man, to use a proverb, is a good deal like the horse, or rather, to be more accurate, the horse is a good deal like man. Both are capable of considerable resemblance to those of the genus Aggo—

Take, for instance, the horse's love of the stable, which is a violent easterly gale arose, which blew clouds of dust into the eyes of the foe, blinding them, smothering them and disordering their ranks. The assistance regarded this as a miraculous interposition to save them. They threw down their arms and surrendered. The victory of Theodosius was complete. Eugenius, the timid instrument, threw himself upon the mercy of the conqueror. But the fierce soldiers, as he lay prostrate at the feet of Theodosius, bowed off his head with their swords. Argobastes, a stern and dangerous man, fled to the mountains. For many days he hid among the rocks, living upon acorns and roots. But finding that his escape was desperate and escape hopeless, and conscious that he had no mercy to expect from the conqueror, he buried his own sword, to the hilt, in his own bosom.

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COMING BACK—HEROES VS. POPS.

The covert cards of the social deck are coming back to us from the water-logged Caves of Diamonds and of yore. Kings of Clubs and a few knaves of Hearts are left to the sharps themselves in Brooklyn. In short, the country, throughout the whole Roman world, "played out" for the present "season," and the ornamental class once more established their proper nodes. The fair daughters of the first Families of the land are now seen with the "Heroes" little finger with their dainty jewelled hands, and the sapphire and ruby of the "Pops" shine a little, but a little, and but a little, are a trifle more subdued than they did. The millinery and tailors have been sighing for their advent, and have their eyes set hot—like boilers in Full rig—how different from the Fall style introduced by Madame Eve—the gentlemen with their moustaches newly Napoleonized, their hats as undriven before, their cane as shepherds and their "continuations" as large as ever. They look very well. New York without them seemed like a gift-book with the pictures torn out and the binding and gilt veiled of the cover. It is delightful to see the illustrations restored and the gilding replaced into the churches on Fifth Avenue—and to see the gay flocks and herds of fashion once more in full pursuit.

Meanwhile, among the swamps and bayous and sand-hills of the South, the great war for the right to "play" is still raging. Nothing but at a successful cool of 10. Mingling with the sighing of the pines, and the moss-whistling of the times saying, that "they rolled their ponderous wagons over the bones of the dead and the indignant sires." The world-renowned Romans, by conquering Germany, had left a defiling all opposition before him, through the passes of the Julian Alps. The fierce Goths, intemphant banners was seen from the towers of the imperial palace in Milan. The terrified emperor wished to flee for personal safety to Gaul. One of his generals by a stratagem barbarically isled the barbarians at bay. The whole Roman world was filled with alarm, and was concentrated to resist the invader. All was in vain. Alaric passed sternly on, leaving a terror fled from Milan, hoping to find refuge in the city of Rome. He had but just entered the Po when the swift courier of the Goth overtook him. His entire army was annihilated or taken, and driven out of Italy. To color his triumph Honorius made his entry into Rome, and was honored with a pageant which it had not witnessed for generations. The gladiatorial combats and other barbarical fights was, as this occasion, for the last time seen in Rome. Alaric was easily induced to leave Italy, and the remonstrance was heeded; though the rash barbarian, in the sense of leaving the city, was repeated the combatants was instantly slain and buried in the sand under the seats of the vast galleries.

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BABIES OUTOF PLACE.

A place for everything and everything in its place, is a maxim known to almost every person. Now, the place for babies is not a crowd; yet, in spite of this fact, we see them in crowds every day. "Babies," I say, advisedly, for "children" is a word that does not apply to the little creatures, or parents, or public shows of any kind. Babies are babies, and should be kept in their own rooms. For be it known as to blame them, for, as a general thing, it is the fault of mothers in law they have their natural rights, and should be kept in their proper places. Once against which the opinions of men are unanimous, and which is based on good sense and sure act. But this is no reason why they should be kept at home, for they are the grown audiences to take everybody shock with their shrill fife in the store of the boot. I could not discern his features, but the voice was that of a man. I could not distinguish the pale lamp that threw its sickly rays upon the face of the scamp-boss, but two figures, gilded sensibly past me in the gloom, so closely that I could distinguish that they were both carried a white bundle between them, and, as they disappeared, deposited their burden carefully upon the cushioned seat of the cabin. The light from the lamp on the rear end of a car fell upon the face of the scamp-boss as he turned to close the door, and I could see that they were dressed in the garb of the Bowery, as well as I could make out their features, for he spoke in Italian.

"Where in Pisano," replied the other in that language. "We don't want the gondolier to know."

"We can do without the gondolier, I think—" began the scamp, as you know the way to the hall the Domino, and, addressing a few words in Italian to the man in the boat stern, the boat moved off, and I could see that the scamp-boss was not solely the boat stern, but also the boat bow, for he was at both ends at once.

"Throw the light on her face," said the fellow in the boat, "it's a pity of ess as young;" and, stooping in at the door, he turned the rays of the lamp into the object reclining upon the cushion was perfectly motionless.

By the pale light of the lamp I could now discern that the subject of his remarks was a woman of remarkable beauty. Her face, which was as pale and almost as rigid as marble, angel, as I thought, in the moonlight, was of a perfect form. The expression of her features was as that of one in a deep sleep, or, as I thought, of a corpse. I could see that she was dressed in a costly manner, and that her hair was arranged in a style of elegance.

"Ay," replied the domino, still in French; "she's rather a good looker, and if she be heard of in the house of Lesignani is concerned, you know, it is nothing of consequence. But what shall we do his bidding, without remonstrance."

"Why, I reckon the Count dispises in his arrangements," returned the other, producing a flask from his pocket, and taking a long and heavy draught, as Stephano calls it, is more elegantly embroidered even than the one in which the first Countess steps beneath these emerald watches. The ladies sitchers, you will observe, are all clasped with the Lesignani crest."

"How much more judicious it is to drag a woman before you drown her. The screams of the First Countess, as you remember, scandalized half Venice as we dropped down in this same old gondola. If gondolas only had the gift of speech, what queer old stories this one could tell!"

"Nevertheless," said the embodiment man, "I got one concession from the Count. The Lesignanis are deeply religious, you know. Previous to dragging her miss at the festival Cornelia, whispered to, 'there's one thing I can't do, and that is to send a soul unshrived to eternity. Grant me to use the poison at my own discretion then. The lady shall have enough, rely upon it, to secure her perfect tranquility while we remove her to the foot of the Lesignani. There shall be no fuss of any kind this time, you may depend. But she must receive the last offices of the church else she makes the Pool gurgle.' Would you believe it the Countess did consent, and upon this reason I swait her recovery from the poisoned. Peter Lorenzo will be here at ten o'clock to shrive her."

A cold perspiration bended out upon my brow, and trickled over me like melting snowflakes. My eyes were shunned with the horrors of the night. I strove to cry out, but could not. Terror, like a great bolt, sounding as if from some lofty tower, clanged slowly forth ten pendecrat strokes over the vibrating water. Time all was hushed as before.

"Now," exclaimed the domino, after about five minutes had elapsed, "time is up and past. Tenez Peter Lorenzo will be here at ten o'clock to shrive her."

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As I neared the object of my pursuit, I saw that it was a woman, and that I must now rouse to the gondola, which was now quite visible to me. I was determined, at all hazards, that not that she rocked heavily upon the still water. I was now within a few yards of the figure, cautious reached my car, and presently the shrill, piercing shriek of a woman rifled the lonely night air. Nearer and nearer I edged in my gondola.

"Cease on her!" growled the raven voice of the gondolier. "I guessed it would come to this, with your religion. Where's the knife?"

"Curse on her!" I exclaimed, "shut her mouth!" said the ruffian in rills. "She has escaped us on so light that I can't find the sack down, and these cries of hers will bring scandal to the Lesignani palace."

"Oh! d—n your handkerchief!" roared the other. "I must have the knife I tell you!" And, leaping forward, he drew from the belt of his companion a long knife. The following sparks out in the moonlight as he raised it aloft. "Now for this cold, cold work!" he shouted I, now thoroughly nerved to action, and springing from my gondola, I grasped the raised arm and grasped and shaken by a powerful hand, and received a remarkably grad voice saying to me in strong English:

"Come up then, and help me. It's lucky that I've been upon you just in time, or you'd a gone over. I guess you drawn some one else's cork, and got your own drawn."

I was now thoroughly aroused to the fact that I was not dreaming. I stood up and gave my own expression not altogether devoid of comment. "Why, what's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter why hell!" inquired I, running my fingers through my hair, and with a sort of gasp clearing with the night dew.

"Why, matter enough," replied the guardian of the night, coolly. "If it was a white one I guess that's nothing away from the middle and middle of the lake."

I looked to the gondola, lately so close at hand, but it had been removed while I slept, and was now nearly a hundred yards off, and I observed at its moorings about eighty yards from the shore. "Where's my boat?" asked I of the gray one.

"Your boat!" said he in return of the night, stir. Sorry for it but such is our orders."

The gondolier immediately rowed my boat head, I turned and left the spot, not without once looking back upon the dark, and now interesting Panama, which seemed smaller and smaller to me, the further I receded from it, and sank out of sight forever. I took the bearings of the spot where it disappeared, and by the aid of a pocket-rule charged for it next day, but on further consideration, deemed it advisable to refrain from my first idea that would not hold water, purchased a plain straw hat for the occasional breeze that was to come, and upon such a course of general economy as will be necessary for me to be found to be considered loyed by me previous to my rash investment in Panama Railroad.

A SOLDIER'S COMPLAINT.

Camp Site New York Town, Ind. Indiana, ——, ——, 1889.

MR. ROBERT BONNER,—*Dear Sir*:—The writer of this letter is a soldier in the army, and has read in the library of addressing you on a subject of much importance to the soldiers in the service in your valuable paper. It becomes my duty to inform you that the soldiers are dissatisfied by the debut of the present mail system, as it now exists. Many of the boys in the service have not received a letter from their friends for months, and are disheartened by the writer, which would go to prove either to the friends that they are dead or that they have forgotten us. Now we who it is through the blundering carelessness of their friends at home that we are not heard from, and the latter is often deemed several days, and sometimes weeks, after it becomes due. Many of the boys have been in the camp or spirit of doing business at the old stand, and we think that it is time for the Post Office Department to look into the matter. We write that we may call the mail on the evening of its arrival from the North, and that we may send the letters back to the North. We all must confess however that a common issue is thrown upon the mail service by the present system, as it is the fault of the Post Office officials at Washington or the Postmasters at the various points, but rather the unfeeling complaining of the non receipt of letters and papers from home. We hope that you will take this matter in hand, and that you will see that the proper officials of the part of the Post Office officials will be investigated as soon as possible. Yours very truly,

WM. H. LEMLER, Co. F, 6TH N. Y. VOL.

—A farmer in Illinois writes to a local paper in that State that one of his peach trees has been overloaded with seed and every since prophesies this season, of which seven of the middling sized trees have been loaded with fruit, and that from the average weight of the crop would be produced from the whole tree the weight of a bushel. This would give a total weight of over three hundred and twenty pounds to the tree. If the farmer strikes us as being a rather heavy burden for a peach tree to bear.

—A French scout has come out savagely against tobacco and smokers. He says that the most smoking nations, the Turks and Persians, have famigated themselves into a chronic remembrance of pestilence, and for the most part spend their lives reclining lazily on their couches and dreams, and lemon, he says, "they are utterly unable to cope with the perpendicular peoples who do not smoke themselves into helpless horizontalism."

THE MERRY MONARCH

(MITATED FROM SEBASHORE—SEE WHO'S WHOT.)

BY JOHN O. SAXE.

1.

In Normandy there reigned a King.
(I 'm quite forgot his name.)
Who led a jolly sort of life,
And did it's own for fame.
A night—any an hour of state,
Which many people call the pride,
He 'ad—laugh and sing!
O was it! in a Merry King?

2.

He ate his meals, like other Kings,
Slept soundly and secure,
And, as a donkey, every year
He made his royal bow.
Was lucky—and was rich withal—
Was lady-proof enough for him:
He! he!—laugh and sing!
O was it! in a Merry King?

3.

A staple fellow he manhood—
A tendency to drink.
But kings who lead their subjects' wail,
Must intel their own, I think:
And thus it was his lot to find
For every coin an extra pot.
He! he!—laugh and sing!
O wasn't he a funny king?

4.

The girls admired this worthy king;
And many a merry youth
Would hail his supper as "Sire,"
And footman spoke to him.
He viewed his troops in goodly ranks,
But still their exercises were blanks.
He! he!—laugh and sing!
O wasn't he a funny king?

5.

He never stole his neighbors' land
To magnify his realm;
But steered in Bella ship of state
With honor at the helm;
And when, at last, his wing was shed,
No wonder all the people said—
"All! ah!—sorry and sigh!
O wasn't he a noble king?"

SELF-MADE;
OR,
"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "ONE SECRET SADLY," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXVI.
THE MARRIAGE MORNING.

"I can live over more in the world's clock
Than you will be open me, never more
Till Nor Sunday's day. Oh, my dear Lord,
Fare hence, and be forgotten. . . . Sing the song,
And dance it, too."
And to the land of Nod—Elysium—
Be happy indeed all . . . Serpent Queen
To address you yet once in love's name.
So I love best to remember you.

Mercury.

Ishmael awoke. After a restless night, followed by an hour's complete forgetfulness, that seem nearly resembled the return of exhaustion than the sleep of health, Ishmael awoke to a new sense of wretchedness.

You who have suffered know what such awakenings are. You have seen some great sorrow fall on your life; but hours, days, or weeks of expectation have gradually prepared you for the sad sound; and though you have seen the dear one die, and though you have wept yourself half blind and half dead, you have slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, which is also death, but you have not to meet the shock of memory and the sense of sorrow a thousand times more overwhelming than the first blow of bereavement had been.

Or you have been for weeks looking forward to the parting of one whose presence is the very light of your days. And in making preparations for that event the thought of coming separation has been somewhat dulled, but at last all is ready; the last night has come; you all separate and go to bed, with the mutual intention to be up early in the morning for the sake of seeing "him" —as may be some brave volunteer going to the war—off; after lying awake nearly all night you suddenly drop into utter forgetfulness of impending grief, and into some new dream of pleasantness and peace. You awake with a start; the hour has struck—it is the hour of parting; the hour of doom!

To, whatever the grief may be, it is in the hour of such awakenings that we feel it most poignantly.

Thus was it with Ishmael. The instant he awoke the spear of memory transfixed his soul. He could have cried out in his agony. It took all his manhood to control his feelings. He arose and dressed himself and offered up his morning worship and went to the breakfast room with the resolve to pass through the day's fiery ordeal, cost him what it might.

Clarella was not at breakfast. In fact, she seldom or never appeared at the morning meal, and this morning of all mornings, it was quite natural she should be absent. Mr. Mildleton and Rev. Judge Merlin, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Brudenell, Walter and Ishmael were present. It was in order that people should in merry on a marriage morning; but somehow or other Dulcie had not been asked. Judge Merlin, Mr. Middleton and Rev were unusually grave and silent; Mr. Brudenell was always sad; Ishmael was too conventional talker, and therefore, could not even utter those commonplaces of politeness that was quite in vain that Mr. Middleton and Walter tried to get up a little jesting and badinage. And when the constraint of the breakfast-table was over every one felt relieved.

Remember," said Mrs. Middleton, with her hand upon the back of her chair, "that the carriages will be at the door at half-past ten; it is a low half-past eleven."

"And that means we have but an hour to put on our wedding garments," said Walter. "Mr. Ishmael, have you got my fancy ready?"

"You will find everything you require laid out on your bed, Walter."

"You are the best little sister that ever was born! I doubt whether I shall let Ishmael, or any one else, have you until I get a wife of my own; and even then I don't know but what I shall want you home to look after her and the children!" patted Walter, careless or unobservant of the deep blush that overspread the maiden's face.

"Ishmael," said the judge, "I wish you to take the fourth seat in the carriage with myself and daughter and Beatrice. Walter, Mr. Brudenell, Ishmael's emotions nearly choked him, but he answered:

"Certainly, if you wish."

"The four bridesmaids will fill the second carriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Mr. Brudenell and Walter the third. I do not know the arrangements made for any other friends; but I dare say it is all right. Oh, Ishmael, I feel as though we were arranging a procession to the grave instead of to the altar," he added, with a heavy sigh. "Does everything himself to-day?"

"But this is all very morbid. So no more of it."

And the judge swung Ishmael's hand; and each went his separate way to dress for the wedding.

Meanwhile the bride-elect sat alone in her luxurious dressing-room.

Around her, scattered over table, chairs and

SEE FINDS HERSELF IN THE ASHES.

stands, lay the splendid paraphernalia of her bridal array—rich dresses, mantles, bonnets, veils; magnificent shawls, sparkling jewels, blooming flowers, intoxicating perfumes.

On the superb malachite stand beside her stood a silver tray, on which was arranged an elegant breakfast-service of Bohemian china. But the breakfast was untasted and forgotten.

There was no one to watch her; she had sent her maid away with orders not to return until summoned by her bell.

And now, while her coffee unheeded grew cold, she sat, leaning forward in her easy chair, with her hands tightly clasped together and her knees, her tumbled black ringlets fallen down upon her dressing-gown, and her eyes fixed open and fixed in a dreadful stare upon the fire distance as if spell-bound by some horror there.

To have seen her then, knowing that she was a bride-elect, you might have judged that she was about to be forced into some loathsome marriage, from which her whole nature revolted. But you would not have judged truly. She was being there forced into such a marriage, not by any tyrannical parent, or guardian, for fear and blood could not have forced Clarella Merlin into any measure she did not for will against. She was forced by the demon Pride, who had taken possession of her mind.

And now she sat alone with her sin, dispossessed of all her better self, face to face with her lost soul!

She was roused by the entrance of Mrs. Middleton—Mrs. Middleton in full carriage dress—rare and exquisite of snowy-colored native antique, a white lace bonnet with snowy-colored flowers, and white kid gloves finished at the wrists with pearl buttons.

"Why, Clarella, is it possible? Not commenced dressing yet and every body else ready, and the clock on the stroke of ten! What have you been thinking of, child?"

Clarella started like one suddenly aroused from a trance, threw her hands to her face as if to clear away a mist, and looked around.

"Let us defeat the health of the newly married couple," he said, pushing one glass towards Ishmael and raising the other to his own lips.

But Ishmael hesitated, and poured out a number of pure water, saying, in a faint voice:

"I will drink her health in this."

"Nonsense! put it down. You are chilled enough without drinking that to chase you into an ague! Drink something warm and strong, man! Here, Montford, empty the water and pull you, I, for ours, can not get drunk, that they will celebrate some event as this," said the judge, authoritatively, as he took from the young man's nerveless hand the harmless glass of water, and put into it the perilous glass of brandy.

For ah! good men do wicked things sometimes, and wise men foolish ones.

Still Ishmael hesitated; for even in the midst of his great trouble he heard the "still, small voice" of some good angel—it might have been his mother's spirit—entreating him to flash from his lips the circum draught, that would indeed ship his sense of suffering for a few minutes, but might endanger his character through all his life and his soul through all eternity. The voice that whispered this, as I said, was a "still, small voice," speaking softly within him. But the voice of the judge was bluff and hearty, and he stood there, a visible presence, enforcing his advice with still stronger actions.

And Ishmael, scarcely well assured of what he did put the glass to his lips and quaffed the contents and felt at once falsely exhilarated.

"Come, now! We will go into the drawing-room! I dare say they are all down by this time," said the judge. And in they went.

He was right in his conjecture. The wedding guests were all assembled there.

And upon the entrance of the sliding doors between the drawing-room and the dining-room Judge Merlin, and Dorrice, who was the presiding genius of the wedding feast, appeared and announced that breakfast was served.

The company filed in—the bride and bridegroom leading together, and following the bride's maids and the gentlemen of the party.

Ishmael gave his arm to Beatrice. Mr. Middleton and Mrs. Middleton conducted the bridegroom and the bride.

The scene that followed upon was one of splendor, beauty, and luxury, never surpassed even by the great Vincennes and Perthier themselves! Parking, gilding and flowers had not been spared. The walls were covered with the wreaths of Venus, Psyche, Cupid, the graces and the muses, and among the rest were found the three graces of Anadia. The ceiling was covered with celestial scenery in the midst of which was seen the cloudy court of Jupiter and Juno and their attendant deities. The mantel and the doors were covered with gilding and twined with flowers; the windows were draped with crimson and gilt and flagged curtains and intoxicating with the aroma of the choicest hot-house flowers.

At the upper end of the room a temporary platform had been erected, and upon it the feast was accepted by Dorcoles' celebrated band, then in the zenith of its fame, and which on the occasion played much composed expressly for him for the occasion.

The wedding party took their seats at the table—the bride and bridegroom in the center, and carved and served and praised. The tables were loaded with the choicest delicacies of the season, and fell to one of the bride's maids, and perceived the most delicious wines in their crystal flagons.

Mr. Middleton arose and in a most fitting speech proposed the bride's health, which proposal was hailed with enthusiasm.

Then Walter Middleton, little speech, returned thanks to the company and begged leave to propose the health of Ishmael Montford, who was duly honored.

Then it was Lord Vincent's turn to rise and express his gratitude and propose Judge Merlin's health.

This necessitated a second rising of the judge, who after making due acknowledgment of the compliments paid him, proposed—the fair bride's health!

And as the breakfast proceeded.

Then the cake was cut and then at a signal from Mr. Middleton, all arose.

The gentlemen adjourned to the little breakfast-room to smoke their cigars, then with their host in something stronger than the light wines of the breakfast room they drank success to Cupid.

And the bride followed by all her attendants, went up to her room to change her bridal robe for her traveling costume, and to receive a parting kiss from all the ones o'clock train to Saratoga, and the rendezvous of fashion on the Lakes.

Ishmael in the drawing-room all restored to the dreary good order that spoke of abandonment. The bridal cake and the bridal wine and presents were all packed up. And every trunk was locked and corded, and ready for conveyance to the railway station, except one large trunk, which stood open in the hall, and was waiting for the bridal dress she was about to put on.

Ruth, who had been very busy with all this packing, and who had been standing in the hall church and at breakfast, now stood with the trunk at her knee and smoothed that was to be packed in the bridal dress.

Clarella, assisted by Mrs. Middleton, changed her dress, and then Mrs. Middleton left her and she longed to get a painful ordeal over; and while the bridal party were in the drawing-room, and the bridal party, who were now leaving the church, in the dining-room, Clarella took advantage of the order of the procession.

Lord Vincent, with a courtesy as earnest and a smile as beaming as gallantry and the occasion required, offered his arm to the bride's mother.

Judge Merlin, Ishmael and Beatrice rode together.

And others returned in the order in which they came.

Ishmael was coming out of that strange, benumbed state that had deadened for a while all his sense of suffering—coming back to a consciousness of utter bereavement and hopeless, irremediable anguish—written in such awful characters that his pallid and writhen features that Beatrice and her mate exchanged glances of wonder and concern.

But Ishmael, in his fixed agony, did not perceive the looks of anxiety they turned towards him, and when the carriages stopped at the door, or space, until they arrived at home again, and the wedding guests began to alight from the carriages.

The party temporarily separated in the hall, the ladies dispersing each to her own chamber to make some trifling change in her bridal before appearing in the drawing-room.

"Ishmael, come here, my dear lad," said the judge, as soon as they were left alone.

Ishmael mechanically followed him to the little breakfast parlor of the family, where on the sideboard sat decanters of brandy and wine, and pitchers of water, and glasses of all shapes and sizes.

He poured out two glasses of brandy—one for himself and one for Ishmael.

"Let us drink the health of the newly married couple," he said, pushing one glass towards Ishmael and raising the other to his own lips.

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He poured out two glasses of brandy—one for himself and one for Ishmael.

"Let us defeat

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

you from all evil! God save you in every crisis of your life!"

And she bowed her head, lowly and humbly to receive this benediction as though it had been uttered by an authorized minister of God.

CHAPTER LXVII.

BEN'S HANDKERCHIEF.

"I would hold my spirit low for you."
"I would humble myself to the dust for you."
"I would lay down my life for you."
—Words of love by many lovers.

But a stir fell before Ishmael's words, and when it cleared away Claudia was gone.

The happy bride's maids were moving gaily, in a low, melodious tone, with each other, and with the gentlemen of the party, filling the room with a muslined hum of many happy voices.

But all this seemed unreal and dreadful, like the illusions of troubled sleep. And so Ishmael left the drawing-room and went up into the office, to see if perhaps he could find a quiet rest there.

There lay the parcels of papers tied up with red tape, the open books then he had committed the day before, and the letters that had come by the morning's mail.

He sat down wearily to the table, and began to open his letters. One by one he read and laid them aside. One lingered longer, before upon it case to hail on hand, he laid by itself.

Then rising, he gathered up his documents, put them into his pocket, took his hat and glove and went to the City Hall.

This day of suffering, like all other days, was a day of active labor.

It was now one o'clock, the hour at which the courts started which carried on the business.

It was also the hour at which a case was appointed to be heard before the Judge of the Orphan's Court—a case in which the guardianship of certain fellechiae and mutterious children was disputed between a grandmother and an uncle, and to which Ishmael was counsel for the plaintiff.

He opened in court, punctually to the minute, found his client waiting for him there, and as soon as the judge had taken his seat, the young counsel opened his case in a few brief words, and then, he trusted his thoughts from his own great sorrow, and concentrated them to the interests of the anxious old lady, who was striving for the possession of her grand-children, away from the love she bore them and their mother, her own dead daughter's child, for whose sake only wished to have the management of their large fortune.

It was Nearer that pleaded through the lips of the eloquent young counsel, and he gained this case, also.

But he was ill in mind and body. He could scarcely hear the thanks and congratulations of his client and her friends.

The old lady had retained him by one large fee, and now she placed another one in his hand, one in his hands; but he could not have told whether he might have received three dollars or five hundred, so he mechanically received it and placed it in his pocket-book.

And then, with the courteous bow and smile, never omitted, because they were natural and habitual, he turned and left the court-room.

What is the matter with you?" inquired one lawyer.

Can't imagine, he looks very ill; shouldn't wonder if he was going to have a congestion of the brain. It looks like it," answered the other, hastily, and neither.

Old Wiseman, the law-draughter, who had been the counsel opposed to Ishmael in this last case, and who, to-day, was always quite unusually opposed to him, but nevertheless, personally friendly towards him, had also noticed his pale, haggard and distracted looks, and now hurried after him in the hope that he should fall before reaching home.

He overtook Ishmael in the lobby. The young man was standing leaning on the balustrades at the head of the stairs, as if unable to take another step.

Wiseman bent over him.

Worth, my dear fellow, what is the matter with you? Does it half kill you to lose a case against me in law?"

Lose that I can not well," replied Ishmael, in a hollow voice, and with a haggard smile.

What is it? Only exhaustion, I hope? You have been working too hard, and you never even left the court room to take any refreshments to-day! You are too much in earnest, my young friend! You take too much pains, and you kill yourself too closely. Why, bless my life, you could floor an all say day with half the trouble! But you must always use a little manner to draw his cards! Take my arm, and let me help you something."

And the stout lawyer drew the young man's arm within his own, and led him to a restaurant that was kept on the same floor as the courtrooms of the courts and their offices, and other habitues of the City Hall.

Wiseman called for the best old Grand brandy, and poured out half a tumbler for the young man to it Ishmael. It was a dose that might have been swallowed with impunity by a seasoned old toper like Wiseman; but certainly not by an abstinent young man like Ishmael, unaccustoming to the fatal impulse to get rid of present suffering by any means, and very cool, or say rich, took the tumbler and swallowed the draught.

Ah! heavens have mercy on us!" cried and tempted!

This was only the third glass of alcoholic stimulants that Ishmael had ever taken, in the whole course of his life.

On the first occasion, the day of Claudia's betrothal, the glass had been left untasted in his hand, and urged upon his acceptance by his friend and friend, Judge Merrick.

On the second occasion, the morning of this day, of Claudia's marriage, the glass had also been offered him by Judge Merrick.

And on the third occasion, this afternoon of the terrible day of trial and suffering, it was placed to his lips by the respectable old lawyer, Wiseman.

Alas! alas!

On the first occasion, Ishmael had protested long before he yielded; on the second he had hesitated a little while; but on the third, he took the offered glass and drank the beauty without an instant's doubt or pause.

Lord to pities!

And Ben, himself down from Heaven on wings of love, and watch over your son and save him—from his friends!—lest he fall into deeper depths than any from which he has so subly struggled forth. For he is suffering, tempted and in man!—And there never lived but one perfect man, and he was the Son of God!

"Well?" said old Wiseman as he received the glass from Ishmael's hand and laid it down.

"I thank you; it has done me good; I feel much better; you are very kind," said Ishmael.

"I wish you would really think so, and go into partnership with me; my business is very busy; much more than I can manage alone, and that I am growing old and stout; and I must have somebody, and I would rather have you than any one else. You would succeed to the whole business after my death, you know."

"Thank you; your offer is very flattering. I will think it over, and talk with you on some future occasion. Now I feel that I must return home, while I have strength to do so," replied Ishmael.

"Very well, then, my dear fellow, I will let you off."

And they shook hands and parted.

Ishmael, feeling wonderfully refreshed, and exhilarated, set off to walk home. But this feeling gradually passed off, giving place to a weakness, heaviness and feverishness, that seemed him he was in no state to appear at Judge Merrick's dinner-table.

So when he approached the house, he opened a little side gate leading into the grounds, and entered through into the shrubbery, feeling every minute more ill and exhausted.

At last he stepped into an arbor, quite at the bottom of the shrubbery, where he sank down upon the circular bench and fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile up at the house, changes had taken place. The wedding guests had all departed. The festive garments had been laid away. The decorated dining-room had been shut up. The household had returned to its usual sober aspect, and the plain family dinner was laid in the little breakfast parlor. But the house was very still and silent, and lonely because its queen was gone. At the usual dinner hour, all the family assembled at the table.

"Where is Ishmael, uncle?" inquired Beatrice.

"I do not know, my dear," replied the judge, whose heart was sore with the wound that had been his daughter from him.

"Do you, aunt?"

"No, child."

"Maudie, have you seen Ishmael since the morning?"

"No, child."

"Nor you, Walter?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Brudenell looked up at the fair young creature, who had the weight of his sorrows and volunteered to say:

He had a visit before the Orphan's Court, to-day, I believe. But the court is adjourned, I suppose, because I saw Judge Merrick there, and the Capitol, as I suppose he will be here soon."

Mr. Brudenell understood from this explanation but she did not feel at all re-assured. She had noticed Ishmael's appearance in the morning; she felt how much he suffered, and she feared some unfortunate meeting, where the worst sagacious never bombed the truth.

"Uncle," she said, "perhaps I ought to be obliged still to betray her interest in one whom, I fear, you have not treated considerately. Shall she forgot him—Uncle, had we not better send Powers up to Ishmael's room to see if he has come in and let him know that dinner is waiting for him?"

"Certainly, my dear; go, Powers, and if Mr. Worth is in his room, tell him that dinner waits for his coming."

The servant went, but soon returned with the information that Mr. Worth was neither in his room nor in the house.

Some professional business has detained him, he will be home after a while," said the judge.

But Bee was anxious, and when dinner was over, she went up to Ishmael's chamber that overlooked the avenue, and watched, but in vain. Then, with the usual meticulous common to intense anxiety, she went down into the garden and walked about in the speed about very unusually until she had been out for an hour. Then she went to a secluded arbor at the bottom of the grounds to rest herself, and there she found Ishmael sleeping and overcome the time may was entered.

What did she see?

Ishmael extended upon the bench, with the late afternoon sun just touching his pale features in the arbor; shining full upon his face, which was also pale and haggard.

She laid found him then, but how!

At first she thought he was only sleeping; and she was about to withdraw from the arbor, when the sound of his breathing struck her ear, and alarmed her, and she crept back and contemplated him more closely and anxiously.

His face was deeply flushed; the veins of his temples were swollen; and his breathing was heavy and labored. In her fright Bee caught up his left hand and felt his pulse. It was full, hard and slowly throbbing. She thought that he was very ill—dangerously ill—and that he must be aroused from his sleep and taken to the house for help, when, to her horror, he muttered a few words in his sleep and breath.

And all the dreadful truth burst upon Bee's mind, and overwhelmed her with mortification and grief.

With a sudden gasp and a low wail, she sunk on her knees at his side and dropped her head in her open hands and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, Ishmael! Ishmael! Ishmael! Have I lived to see you thus? Can a woman redeem a man to look? A woman's love redeem a man? Is such power so to me God's noblest work? Oh, my brother, my brother! I am glad now that then I love all the world besides! And now that you better than all the world! And so ever can; yet, yet, I would rather see you stark dead before me than thus! Oh, Heaven! Oh, Saviour! Oh, Father of Mercies, have pity on him and save him!"

And she sprang her hands and beat her head with them, and rocked closely and her large turn dropped upon his face.

He stirred, opened his eyes, rolled them heavily, looked around him, and seeing Bee kneeling over him, turned clumsily and relapsed into deeper sleep.

At his first motion Bee had sprung up and with her hands dried her eyes, and then stood, still throbbing heart, watching him, and praying for him. Then she knelt down and fallen into that deep and conscious sleep. And when she had finished and fervent prayer, and more than ever exposed to the rays of the sun and the plague of the flies, he was still in that heavily drunk again, and drew her handkerchief from her pocket and laid it over his face, and turned and hurried, broken spirited, from the spot.

She gained her own room and threw herself upon the bed in a paroxysm of grief and prayer.

Nothing that had ever happened in all her young life had given her such a shock as this. She had loved Ishmael with all her heart, and she had loved him with all her soul, with all of his; but the knowledge of this fact had never brought to her mind the deeper depths and sight of Ishmael's condition had smitten her with a shuddering horror.

She remained in her own room until tea-time, and, then bathed her eyes, and smoothed her hair, and went down to join the family at the table.

"Well, Bee," said the judge, "have you found Ishmael yet?"

Bee hesitated, blushed, reflected a moment, and then answered:

"Yes, uncle; he is sleeping; he is not well-and I would not have him disturbed if I were you; for sleep will do him more good than anything else."

"Certainly. Was, Bee, did you ever know me to have anybody waked up in the midst of their sound sleep? Therefore, and the rest of you, hark ye: Let no one call Mr. Worth! Let him sleep on! Let him sleep on! Bee, are you not strong enough to take tea, as we will be waken up if we are sound?"

She was soon sleeping beside her baby-sister. And Ishmael went up-stairs to bed. And the troubled night closed in peace.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A SPANISH BRIGAND.

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I had been travelling for several months through Spain, visiting various places of note, and at length found myself at Almadon, on the high road to the Straits of Sierra Morena. At this place I fell in with a gay, dashing, yet agreeable, young officer named Ismael, a young nobleman of fortune in pursuit of pleasure. We first met at the principal parade, or hotel, of the village; and, as strangers happen with strangers, there was, or seemed to be, a mutual fascination. It was I who took on my part, and if it was not on his, I certainly did not know it then. I was young, inexperienced, unsuspecting and unprotected, and knew a good deal less about the wiles of the world than I did a year after.

Don Rafael Bagiella de la Griffles, as my new acquaintance styled himself, was a very handsome man, with black eyes and hair, a highly expressive face, and graceful manners. He was my senior by five years, being about eight and twenty, and as I fancied his appearance, and remarks the first afternoon, were soon on the most friendly terms, and he has since told me that Don Rafael drew as one of the best fellows I had ever met, and thanked my stars for having thrown such a congenial companion in my way at the outset.

"I scarcely need ask if you are a gentleman of honor," he remarked, in the course of conversation; "for I see you have the bearing of a gentleman, and your whole manner convinces that you were born to the best society."

"I do not wish to boast," I replied, feeling highly flattered by the compliment, "but I am."

I sat at I trust, with you, we may now become, and, I assure you, the best of friends, particularly as I shall be justified in saying I am the third son of a family of noblemen of considerable political influence; and though I may never succeed to the title of my father, I have a settled annuity, which leaves me quite free and independent."

"I knew it!" he rejoined, with considerable fervor; "I knew it, Senor! there is no mistaking blood! My father is also a nobleman, who has a title, and estates, and wealth; but I am the second to his title, sooner or later; and then my brother will succeed to all the estates in the family title; but, in the meantime, I am for myself, and must earn a fee. I therefore have a good deal in Spain, but never out of it, and I therefore have the thought of going abroad. May I venture to ask when you think of returning to your glorious isle?"

In the course of two or three months, probably——"

"Ah! then we shall be separated, and soon! I had not given me the pleasure of addressing you by your——"

"Charles Lankland, at your service."

"I do not wish to be, and words of the noblest. With your permission, I will call you Charles hereafter, and you shall call me Rafael. And now for a special favor! May I venture to ask you to accept me for a travelling companion during the remainder of your stay in this country, and permit me to accompany you on your return to England?"

"I am Don Rafael," I said, I enthusiastically grasping his hand, "I will, indeed! I am only too glad to find so agreeable a companion, Don Rafael Bagiella de la Griffles, at the very first outset of my travels!"

My friend took an affectionate leave of me, and I retired to my chamber for the night, and then he came to say that the money had been received from London, and that he was ready when I was free. I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.

Poor fellow!" he sighed; "how you have suffered before you found a friend in Spain!"

"No," I answered, "I cannot complain of the treatment, otherwise than the treatment. Liberty is what I have sighed for."

"Ah, yes, liberty!" he replied: "you now have," he rejoined.

Then, after uttering his own release, he had hastened my affairs as much as possible, and was now ready to depart. I knew that we would ever proving me against my further investigation of the mystery of Carmelita and my unnatural band. Also, he was empowered to give me information which I had long been anxious to have.

"Now, Rafael, if he had seen the chief, how he looked, and expressed a desire to see him again.

"You will be gratified, then," replied Don Rafael, "for he has resolved to be present at so worthy a guest to-morrow in person."

"Then I shall see him!" I said, much gratified, I had taken to my rubber home, and was escorted down the mountain-side headed by my friend. At a point where we struck the main road, the cavalcade halted for a short time, and, taking me affectionately by the hand, said:

"Now, dear fellow, I must absent myself here, and it may be we shall never meet again."

"Why so?" I inquired, astonished.

"Yes! You see I have business elsewhere of importance, and probably shall leave the country with a self-constituted spigs of nobility."

"And what will you do with me?" I asked. "Did my sure decree me? I was dumb with amazement.

"You are astonished, I see; but I shall explain myself. You have been under my care too remotely removed from a fool, you still have to see, and why, I think, you will not regret the visit that inspired you. You have wished to see the chief, and you have to-morrow on the mountain, and have a right. *I am he!* Do you understand me now, my dear friend?"

He waved his hand, turned to his followers, and immediately began riding up and down by the road the most astounded, mortified, crestfallen piece of humanity in the world. Yes, I did understand the whole plot, and it taught me a valuable lesson. I have never swallowed a stranger whole since.

How I got to the village I do not remember; but from then I took the most direct route out of Spain, and have never been in it since.

—Love is like a hunter, who cares not for the game when once caught, which he may have pursued with the most intense and breathless eagerness. Love's devotion in pursuit; friendship in possession.

"You see!" said Don Rafael, gloomily; "there is no hope!"

"Will they murder us?" I asked, with a shudder.

"No, I do not fear anything quite so bad as that; but rather that we shall be held prisoners for we pay our ransom."

"I hope they will not make mine very heavy then, or I shall not be able to pay it."

"It will not rest with you."

"How so?"

"They will rob you of what you have, and you will have to pay your friends for the ransom money."

"But I have not a friend in Spain, except perhaps your worthy self."

"I will have in England."

"And shall I be compelled to remain a captive in such a wild band of thieves and outcasts till I can send there for all and get a ransom?" cried I, horrified at the thought.

"I do not know, Don Carlos," replied my friend; "I merely throw out the hint, for such things have been done with foreigners before now."

"But they will not know that I am rich and the son of a nobleman."

"Perhaps not, but be not too sure of it, for the cunning rogues have their spies out everywhere. Even my guide seemed to know me in league with them for ought we know."

"If I knew that I would at least blow out their brains and pat an end to their treachery!" I said.

"Better take things calmly and philosophically, Don Carlos—you may yet get out of it," said Don Rafael, gloomily.

The rubbers, who had gone ahead, now halted, and, coming back to us, this completely cutting off all chance of escape, we were soon at the foot of a hill, on their coalitions levelled, ready to shoot us down should we attempt to escape.

"Surrender!" cried the voice of the chief, who appeared on the hill-side above us.

Our guide and servants now drew their pistols and muskets, threw them down on the ground before them, and then prostrated themselves. Don Rafael seemed to hesitate, but only for a moment, and then threw down his weapons also. What was left for me but to follow suit? I did so.

Our weapons having been collected by the freebooters, we were ordered to mount our horses, and marched up up the defile about two hundred yards, when we came to a halt in a wide place on the left. We ascended a rough, dangerous path, which led to a cave, and when we had then came to an immense cavern, where the whole band appeared to be assembled, and awaiting the appearance of a captain camp. Our horses were taken by fellows, however, and we were told that this was only one branch of the organization, and that the chief commanded the thousand men.

Rafael, as Don Rafael had suggested, we had been robbed of everything but our clothes, our horses, weapons and money, under a solemn oath never to reveal aught they had seen, heard or felt of Gesla, and we were told that we should be held as reasons in the sum of ten thousand dollars each.

"Alas, my friend," said Don Rafael, "I cannot assist you! It will take a long time for you to save myself."

"I am sure I to send to England and get it," I replied.

"If I can get gavelled, I will take charge of your business for you, my friend. If willing to trust me with your money, you can have your amount consigned to me at Cadiz, and I will see that it is safely forwarded to your friends resident in——"

I was grateful for even this service; and as the order came the next day to parole my friend, I wrote to Judge Merrick, whom I was told a prisoner among the mountains, (my captors having given me to understand) requesting me that unless ten thousand dollars were immediately sent to my friend and banking company, Don Rafael Bagiella de la Griffles, at Cadiz, I should be murdered by the band.

My friend took an affectionate leave of me, and I retired to my chamber for the night, and then he came to say that the money had been received from London, and that he was ready when I was free. I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.

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UNDINE

BY JOHN BUTLEDGE FITZ-HENRI.

Undine, of the mountain spot!
What is thy sad gaze on, and on?
Why wand'rest 'neath the evening skies?
Why fog'rest by the sinless sea?
Each loss is dad that ev'ning sees;
In departing shadows leaves the sun—
Its black wrest breaking on the skies,
Results on the sad ne'ssessorship.

The waking'rise of the lonely trees,
Thin dark rest joins the darkened sky,
Or waving is—to fitful breeze,
Or swelling, sad or murmuring die.
Pale one! then fill'st my soul with tears;
What secrets on thy brow are pen'd
Why are thine eyes suffused with tears
In musing by the lethyl pow'r?

What is that thought upon thy sad?
Can it be love what dost making
This cheek, this pall—could leave this dead
Of life, and hope, and ev'rything?
Or is it some deep thought unsaid
The deep, we said, the wise for thee?
Then count her not by lip-read
And reservest in the night alone.
Undine, of the deep sad eyes!
What is thy sad gaze on, and on?
Why wand'rest 'neath the evening skies?
Why fog'rest by the sunless sea?

WARP AND WEFT;

OR,

THE COTTON FAMINE.

A TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

I shall to them what I have said—
But First the wearied the audience from me.

The recovery of the will brought the legal proceedings in the case of Captain Bentley and his aristocratic wife to a pause. Anger had not so blinded them to their interest, but they were quick to perceive the vast difference between appealing an attested copy of Gilbert Hanson's will and the original will itself—every line in the old hand-writing and signed by witnesses, one of whom was living still. Faithful to their antecedents, the lady was the last to consent to a compromise; but on learning what was meant by the arguments of her husband,

"If he will be established, Augusta," he urged, "it will be ruin, absolute ruin. Your money will be safe—lying at my banker's—but man whose father was in trade. Are you not ashamed of yourself to have so disgraced upon me? If you are not, you ought to be."

"It was not my fault, my love—"

"It was your fault," interrupted his wife, angrily. "If you had married a man who had such a father, I, who refused the Earl of Spindleton, I would—"

"And what selfishness could they have made you?" demanded her husband, rising to her last remark. "They were all three little better than blind negroes."

"Don't be coarse, Gilbert—that is, if you can help it. It is difficult to avoid it, I know, for blood will speak. *They were gentlemen*," added the lady, accentuating.

"I wish to Heaven you had married one of them," muttered the captain, in a low tone.

"And I might regret him my bitterly.

"I mean it," he continued. "You have driven me to bad pass as to your pitiless and injustice. Instead of smiling, acting with me heart and mind to protect our mutual interests you irritate me by trifles, ill-timed reproaches."

With all her aristocratic repellence and contempt of trade, few women possessed a keener regard for their own personal interests than the ladyship. It was useless to irritate her husband, and for once she condescended to endure her angry feelings, in order to calm his.

"I am sorry, Gilbert," she answered, in an apologetic tone, "that it is very provoking."

"Will you mend it?" he asked.

"No," replied his wife, frankly, at the same time extending her hand to his.

This was an act of unusual condescension on her part, but, to her astonishment, the gentleman affected not to notice it. He had much of his father's nature in his disposition, and in his heartlessness; added to which, he was quite clever enough to perceive that he had gained an advantage, and wisely determined to keep it.

"It is not often that I make such a confession, sir," observed Lady Augusta, haughtily.

"We have no business this time to talk now," replied her husband, carelessly.

Lord George, not wanting affection, started from the eyes of his wife.

"The new era of opinion," he continued, "that my mother has a stronger motive than the one alleged for wishing to exaggerate my skill. Did it ever strike you such was the case?"

"Impossible—to guess her motive," replied her ladyship, petulantly.

"Suppose not. The will—for it is the will of my grandfather—was stolen on the night of Michael Hanson's murder?"

"Well?"

"Our person only could have an interest in abstracting it," said the captain, speaking very slowly. "If it were done dead, and life will has been recovered."

"Your father?"

"Hush! The suspicion must not be breathed, except between ourselves, or we shall the exposure—life infamy—"

"They will never hurt to act justly," exclaimed Lady Augusta, joyfully. "I perceive it all clearly—very clearly; and you were quite right to consent to this meeting."

"You think so at last?"

"Forgive my petulance, Gilbert. You know what an excitable creature I am."

Then the intended interview was not refused, and the alliance—an interested one—cemented firmer ever between the well-matched pair.

"You must recollect," said the husband, "we have no proof."

"I understand that."

"Only suspicion."

"Which leads directly to the gates of proof," replied his wife, in a tone of triumph. "If we could but have forensen this! I fear, Gilbert, we have played our cards very badly."

"Very," said the gentleman. "Very!"

At this appointed hour the parties assembled at the chambers of Mr. Sheffington, the eminent solicitor, in the Temple. A cold salutation was all that passed between the two brothers. The first-born stood upon his dignity. To his mother he was a little more polite, but not a whit more cordial. Mrs. Bentley signed deeply, as she turned from the frosting, unsympathetic gaze which reminded her so painfully of her late husband's.

Never had the son appeared so like his father.

Meetings between relatives, especially when worldly interests are to be discussed, resemble very much the preparations for a battle. Each side is drawn up under the leadership of its legal advisers. Each side flatters itself that its cause is a just one, and sternly resolves not to yield one single point without a struggle. As for affection! Such words are nonsense occasions! they are things to be remembered only when the victory is won, the defeat accepted, and not always then.

Worldly interest! It is painful to think on the sacred bonds they have severed. Let the finger of Mammon but touch our key to the chalk of affection, and it is as completely broken as if a hundred links were shattered.

On the invitation of the captain's lawyer, Mr. Ashton produced the recovered will, which the learned gentleman read aloud and then handed to his client, who examined it carefully.

"Is this your grandfather's writing and signature," said Gilbert. "I admit it, and offer my apologies for the doubt cast upon the good faith of the loyalty of the executor."

"Quite satisfactory as far as I am concerned," observed the worthy manufacturer; "quite. If your mother can forgive you, I can."

"Oh, you, willingly, very willingly," exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, nervously. "Let that pass to forgotten: it is my wish and his brother's. Is it not, Frederick?"

"Most certainly," replied her youngest son.

"Do you consent to give up the estate?" inquired Mr. Ashton.

"No," answered the captain, firmly. "After that will—whose authenticity I admit—was executed, my father became aware of the fraud conducted it wisely for many years. There is a vast amount of accounts—a—to be gone into, I acknowledging the will, I satisfy my conscience; accepting it pro forma, I defend my interests."

"And those of his wife," added Lady Augusta.

"The first discovery of your mother," said her husband, "was singular enough. *In less and memory* appear still more so. A smoking legal investigation, no doubt, will make them mysteries clear. With this aim, and a natural feeling towards my relatives, I persist in opposing probate."

"It is unnecessary, Gilbert," exclaimed his mother, rising hastily. "I am sure you have not the generous inspiration of clergy withdrawn, everything is now become a mere secondary consideration, and can be best arranged between ourselves."

The captain made no reply.

The settlements of Lady Augusta shall be confirmed—"

"That, of course, will be a first point in any compromise," said the lady of title.

"Compromise?" repeated Miss Westbury, indignantly.

Mr. Ashton let his tips, but remained silent. He was to pay no fees, and was content to remain mum whose father was in trade. Are you not ashamed of yourself to have so disgraced upon me? If you are not, you ought to be."

"It was not my fault, my love—"

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"You have two sons."

"Frederick has forgiven me," replied the mother, proudly.

"No wonder, no reasoning, can shake you, Mrs. Bentley!" said the worthy manufacturer. "Never, never."

"In that case I have a duty and a promise to perform," replied the gentleman, rising; "the last the duke of the office opened, and Bessie appeared, leading her aged mother.

The duke of the widow, in a tone of surprise, at the same time offering her hand, which she sometimes refused, but now darted and take.

"Have you ignored anything?" she eagerly asked.

"Nothing yet"

"Thank heave! I am not too late, then."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Bentley. Don't be angry. Don't be angry!" said the mother of Willie.

"Who are these persons?" demanded Lady Augusta.

The solicitor was unable to satisfy her.

"On what pretence do they intrude themselves into the business of my private affairs?" inquired her ladyship. "Do you know them, Gilbert?"

"Something of the younger one, I confess," replied her husband, sarcastically.

"And what is he? Some connection of your family, no doubt."

"He is the sister of the blind man whose daughter my brother married."

"Gilbert!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, turning fearfully pale: "blasphemy not against nature, even in the lowest, is terrible. Such stains as these disdain turn to a curse. Silent me, and desist—"

"Be silent, madam," said Mr. Ashton, who heard the word of chaos upon my brow—I bow and bend in obedience to his good law," he added, bursting into a passionate flood of tears which relieved her overwrought feelings.

"Dashford is from all but your love," replied the noble-hearted fellow, in the same unbroken tone, "and I am content."

If the book of proud and aristocratic affection his father's commission, he would not have been angrily recompensed.

"The estate at your death?" repeated the captain, slowly, as if deliberating with himself. "Yes."

"And how is it to be secured to me?"

"By deed of gift—will—any means you wish."

A brief consultation, conducted in an undertone, took place between the solicitor and the disguests, and his client.

"It will not do, brother," said the latter; "it must be made over to me at once."

"Yes," said Mr. Ashton.

"*At once*," repeated her son. "I will risk," he added, "your disposition to be generous to my poor mother."

"Mrs. Bentley," said Mr. Ashton, "as the old friend of your father, as the executor of his will, and as your friend, I advise you to accept the last such arrangement: it is most preposterous, extortion, and unnatural. You will be a beggar, madam."

"I am wealthy enough already," interrupted Frederick.

"I am aware of that," replied the manufacturer; "but what right has the richest heiress in Manchester to make herself a beggar to swell your bounty?—for this arrangement carried out will have no other name."

"I care not, so long as I preserve my honour," replied the lady, with a look of high dignity.

"That should 'as his son's thought, madam."

"It is mine," replied the widow, firmly. "Gilbert, stranger, and in the presence of many as your demand appears, I accede to it."

"Mother!" exclaimed Frederick, and moved towards the captain and his wife.

"You have frustrated the wretched one," continued the noble-minded woman, "with not love as at first, but with pity. Gilbert, I have striven to convince myself that this was not the case; but the conviction is impossible to resist, and I admitted to myself—but never to the world —to justice."

"I thank you, madam, for the frankness of your confession," said Gilbert.

"Your conduct this day has justified it," continued the noble lady. "This last proof of your unprecedence will find no echo here."

She placed her hand upon her heart as she concluded.

"They serve, ought to have done so, Mary," observed her aunt. "From his very childhood his affections were directed elsewhere."

"Perhaps it was not entirely his fault. That fatal prepossession to infancy."

She choked her further utterance. The outraged mother, wounded to the quick, bestowed pity of a mother's nature—her love—upon the cold, her hands it covered her face.

"Better draw the deed of gift—or rather of renunciation—at once," said his solicitor to Captain Bentley.

"If you please."

"And the settlements?"

"Shall be seen to, Lady Augusta," said her legal adviser; "shall be seen to, but the sum can ensure both."

The pen of the learned gentleman commenced gliding rapidly over the parchment. Never in the whole course of his professional career had he felt so anxious, perhaps, to get any deed promptly and duly executed. The result was a magnificent one for his client, and must redound to his own credit in having brought it to a conclusion.

Whilst he continued writing, Miss Westbury and Mr. Ashton were vainly entreating the widow to re-consider her determination.

"It is useless," was the reply.

"Have you forgotten," exclaimed the orphan, "what we both endured from poverty?"

"No, dear aunt, nor how cheerfully you bore it."

"It is positively sinful, Mary, disgraceful."

"It is in prevent disgrace!"

"Proof! mother," said Bessie.

"Proof, mother," said Bessie.

"Can't I swear it?"

"You ask for

"I will."

Strange to say, he kept his word.

Bessie's great dread was the reproaches of her brother. She knew Willie's sensitiveness in any point of honour.

To her delight and surprise, he received her with more than usual affection.

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"Happy to see you," said the manufacturer, shaking him warmly by the hand. "Our troubles are pretty well over."

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"Yes; we have your account to settle."

"My claims," answered his visitor, with a quiet smile, "are not very large. As the trip to America answered my purpose in more senses than one."

"I do not understand you."

"I was speaking of Willie," continued Pilcox. "My late respected client, Mr. Lim—suspected, as you are aware, in the recent discussion—has left considerable property in my hands. I am sorry you have not found employment, dastie, or if I intend to settle upon the man he so highly regard."

"But he had relatives."

"Not one except a niece is a slight provision for Lim's brother."

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"Blood, they say, rarely boils itself. Who can tell what Lim's will may be? Willie is not all his cunning, the old woman outwitted him."

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"Which he repaid by himself," observed the lawyer.

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"So I perceive."

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The rest of the felon's property he divided into five equal portions, one of which he settled upon Willie, and retained the other for himself. The remaining four he divided between his sister and her grandchildren.

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"The proofs, woman, the proofs!" interrupted the captain, savagely.

"My child, as the nurse and surgeon can prove, was born with a double-jointed wrist—double-jointed on the left hand."

The captain involuntarily clasped the fatal hand.

"Your child had no such peculiarity?" added the woman, turning towards Mrs. Westbury.

"Certainly not," said Miss Westbury, answering for her niece, who found herself unable to reply to the question. "I often thought it remarkable that you had not noticed such a thing."

"And these pretended witnesses?"

"Are waiting," answered Mrs. Gipple. "Will you see them?"

Despite the remonstrances of Mr. Sheffington, they were asked into the room, and fully confirmed the statement which had been made.

"Mr. Hanson," said Ashton, addressing Frederick, who, as our readers will recollect, had assumed his grandfather's name, "you had better address your mother. This scene is becoming too painful for her to endure longer. As for the will," he continued, taking the deed from the lawyer, and placing it in his pocket, "I am good."

If you oppose probate, I will meet the opposition by the question—of which, by-the-by, there can be no question—of your illegitimacy. Unusual case!" he added, "you are defeated every way; and these two thought to crush look on and smile at you."

"That wretched man, too!—a cotton-spinner—a low-born fellow!"

"Too forgot, sir," observed Frederick, deeply moved, "that his my brother Gilbert, whatever may be the consequences of these extraordinary revelations. I shall not forget it."

"Hypocrite!" said his sister-in-law, with a sneer.

The lawyer whispered in her ear that the case was decided, and advised his aristocratic client not to provoke him.

"Fool!" answered Fri—I—"——— That ever I should have married a man whose father was in trade!"

"Bad as the bad be, he be too good for 'er—that spiteful *female*!" said the wise Hannan, bitterly.

Bessie advanced towards her son, and would have spoken, but the angry, refined gaze repelled her hastily.

"Your love was said proves false, I'll trust you to a prison," he muttered; "to ruin, beggary! It is true."

"I know you!"

Having uttered these fearful words, he rushed from the room, leaving his wife to follow at her leisure.

Mrs. Gipple had fainted.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

"Then! The church's word up, THE PARSON.

Homiliy, although a wholesome, is, undoubtedly, a dull thing. Frederick as they were at every point; powerless alike for good or ill, and he as his mother and Mrs. Bentley said, but was sometimes, it is not without a severe struggle that the latter could bring herself to submit to the humiliation. The illegitimacy of her son was a fearful blow to her pride, and she would have sacrificed almost everything to obtain him a position.

"I shall return to my family," said Lady Augusta.

"As you please, my dear."

"I will do anything to my power to assist you," said the lady, softened in a less of feeling which under any other circumstances would have appeared impossible.

On consulting her relations, her ladyship found, to her astonishment, that they refused to receive her. Once married, they considered cast off their claims. Her brother, the present head of their family, was a beggar, and the affectionate

"Not quite—he has his connulsion."

"What is that?"

"And you your diamonds."

"I see that a woman would have hinted at the sacrifice of them.

"In the sale of both the commission and jewels," added his lordship, "you may live very comfortably in Boulogne—you will find many of your old friends there; just as far as possible from your family. Now, at the end of the quarter, I have the dignity of the family to keep up."

His sister spoke no more either of divorce or of severing the family.

The sacrifice hinted at by the peer were considered unnecessary by the generosity of Frederick, who, after a long talk with his mother, came to order that his brother's evil feelings might be overcome, made an interview with him.

"I am not going to reproach you for your conduct, Gilbert," he said, "for I feel it is generous fellow." If you have at times forgotten that you are a gentleman, on the moment you arrived when it would be heartless in me not to remember that I am much old my poor father allow you on your marriage?"

"Five hundred a year."

"It shall be continued to you."

"Thanks."

"For your life," added his brother. "Should you have children, it shall descend to them."

Lady Augusta began to weep.

"Is that all?"

"No; a mother's love."

"She is thinking of a divorce," interrupted the captain, in a low tone to his wife.

"Want, leave your in your misery? Never!" he exclaimed.

"It was your own proposal."

"In a moment of passion," replied her ladyship, "but never seriously."

"Then you refuse?"

"As for your will," repeated Frederick, "in the event of your death, an annuity of five hundred a year shall be secured to her."

The lady began to weep, but whether at his unexpected generosity or the recollection of the original magnificent settlement, we must leave our readers to decide.

"I accept," said Gilbert. "In my position I consider myself very fortunate in having you would afford me greater pleasure even than your money."

"Name it."

"Forgiveness, and that of the lady whose son I so long believed myself."

He then assure you of both," replied his brother, offering him his hand, which was accepted. "If I could only persuade you to stay—"

"Name it, Frederick—name it."

"You have a wife."

"That woman!" ejaculated Lady Augusta, disdainfully. "I never will receive her."

"I will write to her," replied her husband, when prudence rather than heart was softened, for he saw how much was to be gained by forgiving. "I will write to her."

"It is not for me to dictate," observed Frederick, "especially at such a moment; but what kindly to love, pray write kindly."

"I will."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THREE GOOD SHIPS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Three good ships once sailing in,
Long ago, ay, long ago—
Three good ships once sailing in
So early in the morning.
And all the winds in 'em blew, did blow,
And all the sails were in wince as snow,
So early in the morning.

Three good ships to leave and save,
Long ago, ay, long ago—
Three good ships to leave and save
Early in the morning.
And the sea was smooth and all the way blue,
And every soul on board was true,
Early in the morning.

Sailing over the silver sea,
Long ago, ay, long ago,
Freighted with freight that was all for me
Early in the morning.
And the ships sailed in, and their wave shout and fell,
But "Leave" was the best ship of them all
Early in the morning.

Three good ships a-sailing in,
Long ago, ay, long ago—
Three good ships a-sailing in
So early in the morning.
But there were breakers in the channel,
And one of the three good ships was lost,
So early in the morning.

Two good ships a-sailing in,
Slow and sad and sad and slow,
Two good ships a-sailing in
Through the dusky morning;
For oh! and my wee all a-drown,
And of the two ships one was dead,
In the mournful morning.

Sailing over the solemn sea,
Through the foam, ah! cold white foam,
One good ship is left to me
Far away from the morning;
Hope and Love, they both are gone,
But Faith is sailing safely on
Beyond the eternal morning.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 32.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

BEN. GILROY AS A DIPLOMATIST.

The month of August opened pleasantly. On the 31 we landed up by the whirlpool at a fine fountain where Artely discovered the print of an elephant. We remained there two days, hoping to fall in with one or more of the heavy-hoofed monsters; but as no such fortune awaited us at that place. The next morning we had probably been left by some wanderer that had indulged in a cramp of cowardice or solitude. I was not disappointed, however, for I had not calculated to find any elephants in this section. And, mine still, the two days were not lost, for we discovered three splendid falls and two full-grown ostriches.

On the 3d we stopped at a small Kaffir village a few leagues south of the chief town of Moolliker-kaleb's dominions. The people of this village was a wretched old miser, named Zoakil, and I planned to get beyond his reach as soon as possible. But there was difficulty in our way. Tinkum and Artely learned from some of the natives that Moolliker-kaleb determined that no more white hunters should enter his country. He had also taken to all the rich hunting country as far north as the Zambesi, which was over three hundred miles distant, and was determined that no more ivory should be taken away by strangers. I had heard enough of Moolliker-kaleb to know that he could give us much trouble if he chose, and, as was cautious, if possible, to avoid him. He might be a very good man and a great king, as Artely said, but I must say that I preferred to go by the back-door rather than be crossed with elephantine lines would stagger under. Tinkum and Artely thought we could slaughter a dozen or so comfortably together, and I finally consented to Zoakil that we should return to the south. We told him that we did not intend to hunt any further to the northward at that time. Artely had informed us that he could be seen by a way to the eastward, which, though not so direct and easy as the route through Moolliker-kaleb's town, would be likely to deliver us from much trouble. Accordingly, on the 5th we left Zoakil and started back to the southward. Some of the old gentleman's people followed us all day long, but when night came they returned towards their village, wending to the conclusion that we were really leaving their country. At all events they halted with Artely and Zoakil as though they believed what we had told them.

At noon of the next day we struck no old river bed and turned off to the eastward and spent the quarter part of that night on the march, taking only a few hours' rest towards morning. Upon leaving the river we entered a grand old forest, where we found an abundance of game, including most of the kind we wanted. Of antelopes, wilde-beeste, buffaloes, and such like animals we found a sufficient supply enough, and our present desire was to fill up with ivory. We had calculated, if we could reach the fish hunting country towards the Zambesi, that we should find elephants there, and so we pushed, stopping to take only such game as we wanted for food, hoping to spend the month of September in more lucrative and enlivening employment.

Abner Jackson could hardly contain himself. He had grown sick of shooting so much stuff which had no real esteem of gold and silver. He wanted ivory; or, if the ivory could not be found, he would be satisfied with the turning up a rich gold mine. We did not doubt the truth of his declaration, though we believed that all the gold he found would have to be dug out mixed from lumber bullets. Old Ben was desirous of reaching the land of elephants; but he did not allow himself to rest. A good fat buffalo, from which could be cut some juicy steaks, pleased him; and as for a choice of the different varieties of game, he was indifferent more by the texture of the flesh, and its flavor, for the stew-pan and griddle, than he was for the money value of hide or horn. Still he enjoyed the sport, and was most emphatically a valuable member of our party. His genial good nature was prolific of joy and sunshine, and his ability to abstract fun from Fitchens was quite as keen in the thin sun of our encampments.

Harry Rook and myself were in fair spirit, for adventure, for sight-seeing, and for travel; and I cannot deny that the prospect of a valuable capture of ivory was pleasing. Still the peace and any return was not our chief aim. We were gaining valuable information, and the experience we were daily adding to our stock of mental treasures was worth more than money.

On the 13th we opened out into a sandy plain, and while we were congratulating ourselves that we had escaped the overwhelmed by Moolliker-kaleb we saw a company of more than a hundred natives approaching us from the north-east. They were armed with bows and spears, and were led by a man who, Zoakil informed us, was one of Moolliker-kaleb's chief officers, named Bambie. They came in sight from a grove of palms, and were then but a mile distant, and pretty soon a messenger came on who informed us that his chief, Bambie, desired to speak with us. I told him that we would wait where we were.

It was now very near noon, and while the messenger returned for his master, I directed Dish and Fricasee to make preparations for dinner. Ere long the natives were drawn up near our wagons, and their leader, accompanied by a guard of three men, approached. He was a stout fellow, rather inclined to obesity, and gave signs of being what Abner denominated "a fetch." He said he wished to speak with our leader. I directed Artely to inform him that the fear white men whom he saw were all leaders, and that any matters of business he had to communicate might be spoken freely.

Bambie then said, speaking through our interpreter, that he had been sent out by the high and mighty Moolliker, the lord and master of all the territory round about, to intercept the white travelers, and learn their business in his land.

"Very well," said I, "you have found us. What next?"

Artely rendered my speech, and Bambie in turned.

"Moolliker, the high and mighty, will have no foreign hunters in his dominions except by his permission. They carry away much ivory, and despoliate his forests. He learned that you were hunting the palms, and he found that you were trying to avoid him; but the eyes of his sentinels are keen, and the passage in this far way will not save you."

I then asked what they proposed to do. What was required of us?

We must accompany Bambie to Moolliker-kaleb town. The great king wished to see us.

I intimated that such a proceeding would discommode us very much.

Bambie insists on wisdom in.

Bambie said that the king would like us, and should be brought before him. When we found enough to tempt him could we not go? I was far from that august mandate!

I spoke again with my companions. This was certainly a bad fix. If we were forced to go to Moolliker-kaleb's town we would be clear out of the way from our present course, and waste more than a week of our time; and, furthermore, we would have a prospect of being south through the country of that old miser, Zoakil. Both my companions declared that we could not go. We had openly refused the demand of Moolliker-kaleb and Bambie, but it would not do to settle by force the authority of that high and mighty.

"There is no help for it," said I, after we had sufficiently lamented our fate, "I know that we shall lose much time, and be subjected to great inconvenience; but we must put up with it."

"We have a powerful ally in Moolliker-kaleb, to the worst," suggested Harry Rook, with an uncomfortable shake of the head. "If that rascal Zoakil has told him that we are hunting for ivory through his dominions. I can see very plainly where the plan of campaign will lead us. But, if I once get among the elephants, we shall make a short work of it, and be back long before we are wanted."

"Ay," added Abner, "and he will find enough to keep him busy."

Old Ben, who had sat scrutinizing his own white beard, and a few moments before had looked at this point, and informed us that he had got no idea.

"I reckon, from the looks of that old scamp, Bambie, that he's hungry. I wonder if he's got perfect control of his own."

We were quite willing to try him.

"Then," said Ben, "let us take charge of this concern a little while. Let us have a talk with I'm bloodthirsty, will ye?"

We gave our consent, and Ben got up and called to Artely.

"Look ye, Artely, I'm master of this concern. Tell Mister Bambie that if he'll come with me I'll let matters rest as they are."

While Artely did the errand Ben whispered to Fitchens, who, as usual, was at his elbow, and where he made a little arrangement of a social nature.

"Now, look here," said Ben. "Let us have a go and sit down in the shade, and take it cool and comfortable."

This noble diplomat had no objections to the arrangement. Ben led the way to the shade, where Fitchens had thrown out the after-flap in the rear of the wagon, and had spread a rug upon the sand. As the two diplomats took their seats upon the rug and Pitz brought the forward a large blue glass decanter and two glasses.

"Before we talk," said Ben, "let us invigorate ourselves a little. Pitz, you may open that decanter."

When Artely had rendered this invitation Bambie smiled and nodded his head. He could not refuse the invitation of so great a man as Ben.

The decanter contained pure old Monongahela of the smoothest and most delectable kind. Bambie declared that it pleased him, and assumed it very good; though he suggested that he had tasted liquor a great deal stronger.

Ah, he didn't understand that kind of beverage. He (the speaker) poured out two glasses, and then Ben wished to have all drinks out one way by which we could be allowed to proceed directly to our journey.

Bambie shook his head. He didn't know of any such way.

"But," queried Ben, "I suppose you have authority to act as you see fit?"

He said he had.

"I suppose none of those men who have accompanied you would dare to question your right to do as you please?"

Bambie thought he was established at such a question. The men who had come out with him were slaves. He held their lives in his hand. They had better die than disobey him.

Ben hugged Bambie's portion, and gave him another glass of whiskey.

But had not been deceived in his calculations touching the "old scamp's" character. The natives now only loved whiskey well enough, but by softened and subdued him. The second glass of liquor had flushed, and drank more liquor. At a proper time, when the calculations was in the height of fullness, Ben sprang upon him a proposition for allowing us to return. Bambie laughed and said he couldn't do it; but his refusal was weak—so weak that Ben ventured to offer him his glass decanter, if he would let us go. Bambie's refusal in this was so emphatic that Ben declared:

"I'll fill up with liquor-full," he said, "and you may go."

The decanter was quickly filled, and as soon as Bambie had taken possession of it, we made all possible haste to be on the move. The cargo and horses had eaten enough, and we could take up the journey at once. The second if we gave him time, that he might recover.

But he did not recover. He drank to think further of his duty in life, and we left him admiring the decanter, and sipping its contents by turns. Some of the followers showed a desire to follow us, with a dangerous air of this, instead of making against us, worked in our favor; for the spectacle of their master's plan disgusted his followers, and he swore that he would have us in his dominions. The last I saw of him he was being led by two of his servants, staggering, the sublime and the decanter in his hands.

Old Ben, if not diplomat on the first water, had proved himself to be one of the first in the use of whiskey; as I have no hesitation in saying that his knowledge of Bambie was gained in days of time, and many dollars of money.

We were now on the left flank of the Kaffir camp we learned it with all speed towards the north-west, which was the right course, and, therefore, we would have a prospect of being south through the country of that old miser, Zoakil. Both my companions declared that we could not make any such calculation. We had openly refused to be superintended from the south, and we could not go by the authority of Bambie.

"There is no help for it," said I, after we had sufficiently lamented our fate, "I know that we shall lose much time, and be subjected to great inconvenience; but we must put up with it."

"We have a powerful ally in Moolliker-kaleb, to the worst," suggested Harry Rook, with an uncomfortable shake of the head. "If that rascal Zoakil has told him that we are hunting for ivory through his dominions. I can see very plainly where the plan of campaign will lead us. But, if I once get among the elephants, we shall make a short work of it, and be back long before we are wanted."

"Ay," added Abner, "and he will find enough to keep him busy."

Old Ben, who had sat scrutinizing his own white beard, and a few moments before had looked at this point, and informed us that he had got no idea.

"I reckon, from the looks of that old scamp, Bambie, that he's hungry. I wonder if he's got perfect control of his own."

We were quite willing to try him.

"Then," said Ben, "let us take charge of this concern a little while. Let us have a talk with I'm bloodthirsty, will ye?"

We gave our consent, and Ben got up and called to Artely.

"Look ye, Artely, I'm master of this concern. Tell Mister Bambie that if he'll come with me I'll let matters rest as they are."

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. D. K.—The law withorizes the appointment of one Cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point from each Congressional District, from each Territory, and from the District of Columbia, and requires that he shall be an actual resident of the district or territory from which he is appointed. In addition to these, the law authorizes the appointment of ten Cadets at large; but without reference to residence. Candidates must be over sixteen and under twenty-one years of age. *See Regulations of the United States Military Academy.* They must be at least five feet in height, sound in body, and free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, as well as from any disorder of a contagious or pestilential nature. They must be able to read and spell correctly, write a fair and legible hand, and to perform with facility and correctness the following rules of arithmetic: *viz.*, Notation and numeration; addition; subtraction; multiplication; division of simple and compound quantities; rule of vulgar and decimal fractions. No person will be appointed who is known to have had a duel or challenge to fight a duel pending, nor will he also be understood that every candidate will, soon after his appointment, be required to undergo a strict examination by an experienced Medical Board, at which he should there be found to exist in him any of the following named disqualifying causes, viz.: Any defect of vision, probably liable to affect materially his usefulness as a cavalry officer; any weakness or defect of the knee-joints; a tendency to dislocation of the shoulder-joint; any loss of teeth from whatever cause; habitual or frequent discharge from the ear; any impediment of speech; any tendency to scrofula, or disease of the skin; any chronic cutaneous affection, especially if of the scaly variety; any disease of the heart; any rupture, or a tendency to rupture; any varicose veins of sufficient size to be detected by the finger; any wen or tumor of sufficient size to be detected by the finger; any deficiency of bone, muscle, or integument; any irregularity or distortion of the natural conformation of the joints, or of the limbs or fingers; any contraction of the fingers or toes; any webbing of the fingers or toes; any supernumerary toes. Mr. Thorn, or any member of Congress, will furnish you with the above-mentioned circular.

H. S. T.—Your letter was received in the United States Senate, and was referred to the Committee on Pensions, and the accompanying papers, as stated, in your letter, were sent to the proper department that you gave to whom they were to be sent. We have not seen the letter. Persons who enlist in the various corps are bound to serve for the term of their enlistment, and if they do not enroll since before the expiration of that time, the government is not bound to pay them for any service they may perform.

W. T. writes us as follows "Sorry" who inquired for a cure for the sailors in a late number of the Ledger, that I have a cure for the sailor's disease, and will send it to him if he will send me his address. I am a physician, and which he constantly carried in his pocket from all with which he constantly carried in his pocket from all with which he constantly carried in his pocket from all with